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THE JERUSALEM
POST
MAGAZINE

Friday, October 14, 1977

Inside Lebanon

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Cover: Lebanese soldiers take a break from the fighting. (Hiroh Goodman.)

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THE CROSSING into Lebanon territory was almost natural. A gap in the electrified fence, just north of the Metulla "Good Fence" gate, provided the entrance through which we passed. There have not been any Israeli forces in Lebanon since the ceasefire. Our guides and hosts were career officers and NCOs of the regular Lebanese Army, which constitutes the backbone of the men and women fighting the terrorist presence.

We drove north along a road pockmarked by thousands of holes. To the west was the magnificent ridge overlooking the much-discussed Litani River, snaking its way below in a green, fertile valley. The scenery was breathtaking, pastoral, almost tranquil. Children and women waved as we drove past in a Japanese Dodge, which had been commandeered by our escorts from three members of the editorial staff of a Fatah newspaper in Beirut who were evacuated the week before for being in an anti-Israeli area.

Along the road Lebanese engineers were hard at work laying the pipeline that will soon bring water into Marjayoun from Metulla — the first flowing water to reach the town in two years. At a sudden bend in the road stood a lone white building with the Lebanese flag fluttering from a makeshift pole. Tel Nohos, we were told. In the courtyard, a smart uniformed gendarme stood guard over the main prison housing all the convicted terrorists in the area. He saluted smartly as we passed. He was no more than 14 years old.

THERE WAS a cease-fire in effect in southern Lebanon, but the area was far from peaceful. The quiet hung by a thread. Christians, Druse and Moslems opposed to a terrorist presence in the south were unhappy. They felt that their two-year fight has been for naught. They felt that they had been deserted by Israel in their battle for the right to till their fields in peace. They felt abandoned, and were waiting for the next round.

These people have been in the headlines of the Israeli press for two years. They are former enemies who were turned into allies by circumstances. People who, since the first mother came to the electrified fence separating Israel from Lebanon 18 months ago to ask for help, have linked their destinies to Israel.

First they asked for medical help. Then they needed work, and asked to sell their crops through Israeli markets to prevent them from rotting in the fields. As shelves on shops emptied of stocks, the requests for Israeli produce increased. The Lebanese asked for postal services, water, and finally for military aid. The bond became stronger and stronger, only to be severed — temporarily, many believe — by a cease-fire in September, which the non-terrorists opposed, and which they believe was forced on Israel by the Americans and accepted by Israel because of wider foreign policy considerations.

THE FIRST misconception to be dispelled was that the war in southern Lebanon has been between Christians and Moslems. Between Rightists and Leftists. This is not so. It is a war, the inhabitants of Marjayoun, Kila and dozens of other hamlets explained, between the inhabitants of the area — Christian, Moslem and Druse — and the PLO, a group of



(Above) A youthful fighter in a Lebanese Army position at the monastery of Mar Elias, overlooking the town of Aisha where several months ago Palestinians reputed to have slaughtered Christian women and children in the streets. (Above right) A three-year-old child in Marjayoun learns how to hold a revolver.

INSIDE LEBANON

Post Military Correspondent HIRSH GOODMAN was one of a small group of Israeli journalists who visited southern Lebanon last week. He met the commander of the Lebanese militia in the region and spoke to a number of non-combatants, all of whom did not think much of the cease-fire then in effect because the PLO had not been ejected from the territory. (The photographs are by Goodman.)

foreign invaders who, over the years, entrenched themselves by force in the forming communities in order to establish bases for operations against Israel.

For two years the villages of the south have been cut off from the north. Families have been separated and the non-terrorist forces in the area have been left to make do without reinforcements in other materiel or men from the main centres in the north.

The children of the area have not been to school for more than two years; the impressive school buildings — modern, bright and well equipped — stand deserted amid shattered window-panes. Former pupils — 12- and 13-year-olds — walk the streets in oversized khaki uniforms. Some sport rifles. Others have revolvers strapped to their hips — the barrels of the weapons often reaching down to the ankle. Their teachers are either in the north, having been caught in Beirut when the fighting broke out, drafted into the militia, or casualties of the war. Their parents are preoccupied with surviving and have little time to keep up the children's education. Those adults who are not fighting, often travel great distances each day to work in Israel, at factories and hotels in Metulla, Kiryat Shmona and Tiberias. Mothers, once ladies of relative leisure, now haul water by drum and tin can to

houses where water once flowed.

WE DROVE through Dir Mi-Maa, a Christian village, to Hirbe. Villages that were to me just names on a map, and the objects of terse reports on the wire-telegram copy. At Hirbe we were taken to a Lebanese artillery position. A 155 mm. cannon of French manufacture — similar to the one used by Israel in the attack on Kalkilyo in 1984 — stood in a pit. Next to it a Soviet-made 122mm. was being cleaned. Thousands of empty casings surrounded the guns. Hundreds more shells were neatly stacked, to be used should the cease-fire end. The crew emerged from two tents on a nearby hill. Immediately, packets of Marlborough cigarettes were produced and greetings were exchanged. The canvas covering was removed from the barrel and two youngsters put on an impressive display of loading and aiming the Howitzer. They had fired more than 5,000 shells in the attack on Tel Shraifa the week before, we were told. The single position had fired more than four times as many shells as the combined Israeli artillery support (according to figures made public by the UN) during the battle. Our escort told us that the gunners were given a grading of "excellent" by their Israeli counterparts. In fact, he beamed, in an informal competition with Israeli gunners the

LATER WE met the man behind it all: Major Sa'ad Hadad. A Lebanese Army officer, he has been leading and coordinating the fight against the terrorists for two years.

We met him around a huge table on which impressive maps were spread out. We were at the heart of the Lebanese operations. The inevitable pins were stuck in names that meant little to any of us. Enemy positions. Enemy supply routes. Enemy concentrations.

Hadad, speaking a good English, introduced us to a shy, retiring man who was standing quietly in background — Faris, his Chief Artillery Officer. "The cease-fire" was forced on us

without our agreement," said Hadad bluntly.

"We were not asked for our opinion, and we were not party to the decision. We are for peace, and that is why we have accepted it. But you should all know that it is not a fair agreement. It is being used by the terrorists to entrench themselves both defensively and offensively. They have brought in another 4,000 men since the cease-fire. They are preparing for war."

He went on to explain why he felt the cease-fire was not fair. "There were two foreign bodies on our soil: Israelis and the terrorists. One should not have withdrawn without a meloing move from the other. Israel has retreated and the terrorists have remained. Israel should never have accepted this. Never. Not even if it was forced upon her."

I asked him about his feelings towards the international Christian community. He was ambivalent. He felt that the people of southern Lebanon had not made the case clear enough to attract the support of the Christian communities of the world.

"But," he conceded, "there seems to be politics even in the Vatican. Oil has penetrated everywhere."

The operations centre was alive with activity. Many of the faces floating around, passing packs of Marlborough and bottles of Tampo orange juices, had yet to show

the first signs of a beard. A telephone rang constantly. Not far away was the "border" of the territory controlled by the terrorists.

Hadad said that he expected a surprise attack any minute, and warned us against perceiving the situation incorrectly. Peace had not come.

I LEFT the briefing room to look for non-military inhabitants of the area. I was convinced that I would hear from them — women who feared for their men, and mothers who wished their children were back in school — that the cease-fire was a good thing.

I found Christina and her two aunts a few houses away. Wide smiles and perfect English greeted me.

"It is not often we have visitors these days," Christina explained. After going through her home — which could stand with pride in Jerusalem's Talbiyah quarter — we spoke about the "situation." She had been sent to Kila by her parents when fighting broke out in Beirut two years ago. Her father, a wealthy taxi driver, and her mother were still there. She has not seen them for two years. She is against the cease-fire. The fight must continue until the evil is removed from their midst. The cease-fire, she explained, and her aunts nodded in full agreement, is nothing but a trick to let the terrorists organize themselves for a final onslaught.

"If we stop now, all we have suffered, all our casualties, were for nothing," she said, repeating an often-heard complaint. "We will have achieved nothing."

She showed me the shelter in which they lived for two years. It was obvious that they have suffered. I was impressed by her courage.

AT HEADQUARTERS, a small group gathered around a 14-year-old called Fadl. Our companions called him a "hero" and introduced him as a veteran of many battles. No one in the entire northern enclave is better than he is at handling a 0.5 machinegun.

"Abu Johnny" is also in the group. He refused to tell us his real name. Not for publication, he said. Abu Johnny is a sergeant-major in the regular Lebanese Army; he led the assault on Tel Shraifa the week before. The battle left about 50 terrorists dead and more than 100 wounded. He was responsible for several of the deaths, we were told by an awed escort.

Standing next to Johnny was Sergeant Nazir Hatzbani, the chief engineering officer of the Lebanese forces in the area. He is known for his courage; he has laid hundreds of mines behind terrorist lines. One of his specialties is an ability to mine the bodies of enemy dead so that when the terrorists come to collect their casualties they usually leave several more behind.

Abu Johnny has been in the regular Lebanese Army for 24 years. He is from Marjayoun and one of more than 400 regular army soldiers who came south to protect their homes after the civil war broke out.

The non-terrorist forces in the south are thought to number about 3,000 (including schoolchildren and old men who have been issued arms). Of these, two-thirds serve in the northern enclave where most of the fighting has been concentrated for the past few months.

THERE ARE three main pockets of non-terrorists in southern Lebanon: one at Alma e-Sha'ab,



(Below) A Mekorot waterline being laid from Metulla to Marjayoun in southern Lebanon. It will bring flowing water to the town for the first time in two years.



opposite Hamra; a second at the triangle formed by Ebn Ebel, Rounish and Debel opposite Dovey; and the largest, the northern enclave, which includes the villages of Kila, Marjayoun, Dir Muna, Hirbe, el Meri, Kila and A Delsa.

There are an estimated 20,000 men, women and children in the three enclaves — a small fraction of the number that lived there before the hostilities broke out. Many were trapped in Beirut. Others have managed to make their way to relatives abroad. Marjayoun alone had 20,000 people, our guide told us as we drove along the eerie streets, looking at abandoned villas.

Despite the fact that many houses had been left vacant for over two years, there were few signs that any looting had taken place. All over there were reminders of war. The wide streets were obstacle courses for drivers; most of the windows had been smashed; and everywhere there were people toting weapons, especially pistols.

In the northern suburbs lay a row of houses that had obviously been blown up. At first our guide was reticent to talk about them. Then we learned that they belonged to "communists," supporters of Ahmed Hatib — who formed the Arab Lebanese Army to aid the PLO — when he was in control of the town before it fell to Hadad a year ago.

One house stands alone on a hill. It is empty but untouched. A hammer and sickle is drawn on its porch.

"The family that used to live there — father, mother and children — were taken out and executed," our guide explained. The father had been a strong supporter of Hatib, and it was decided to make an example of what happens to those whose loyalty to the new regime is questionable.

A STARK REMINDER of the days when Hatib was in control is a huge fort on a hill overlooking the town. From its roof one can see the Litani River clearly to the west, and Israeli positions on Mount Dov to the east.

The fort housed a brigade of the regular Lebanese Army before the civil war. On the fourth floor, we found a room full of sophisticated electronic equipment, which was used to monitor Israeli communications and air traffic.

The fort is now deserted. A stonch of toccos emanates from rooms strewn with paper — thousands of documents thrown out of filing cabinets. Weather reports, handbooks on the 106mm. recoilless rifle, charge sheets and a Beirut Yellow Pages.

The courtyard of the fort is strewn with burned-out vehicles — the remnants, together with a pile of yellowing posters showing a white stallion, of the days when Hatib was in charge.

Our guide picked up one of the posters, spat and cursed. "If that son-of-a-bitch Hatib thinks we will ever let him set foot inside southern Lebanon," he said, "he'd better know that he will be working around without a head on his shoulders."

The feelings of the men towards Hatib indicate just how complicated it will be to find any solution to the problem of southern Lebanon. Hatib, a Moslem who used to be a colonel in the Lebanese Army, broke away at the start of the civil war and formed his Arab Lebanese Army to help the PLO in its attempt to gain control of the country. After his defeat at Marjayoun, his "rehabilitation" in the regular

Lebanese Army began — an army in which he and Hadad, Abu Johnny and others will be expected to serve in harmony when peace comes.

"Over my dead body," growled our guide. Our driver added his 10 cents' worth, and cursed Hatib's sister, mother and future.

THE STENCH of the fort was replaced by the brisk mountain air at Mar Elias, a monastery on the western outskirts of the town overlooking the Litani River and Aisha — a Christian village now under terrorist control. (It was the scene of mass, indiscriminate killings when it fell several months ago.)

Mar Elias has a small but impressive Greek Orthodox church. Against the back wall are seven beds, neatly made, for the men who guard the place. The position is important — from it, one can clearly see terrorist activity in the valley beyond; it will probably have to bear the brunt of any renewed attack against the Christian enclave, should the terrorists make such a move. All the men there believe that it is only a matter of time before the terrorists attack.

As we turned to leave for Israel, we stopped for a few minutes at the Marjayoun hospital — a well equipped facility that has not been used for over two years and has been replaced by the Israeli clinic at the Good Fence in Metulla. In the entrance hall to the hospital, I spotted a plaque similar to the ones we see so often in Israel:

"This hospital was built through the generosity of our brethren abroad..." There was a list of donations, ranging from \$20 from Abood Faiz in Saint Louis, Missouri, to \$1,000 from Sol Bayouth of Collinsville, Oklahoma.

A small note at the bottom of the plaque, signed by Dr. Michael A. Shadid, informed us that "our brethren in Brazil," who have commendably decided to remain anonymous, donated the equivalent of \$1,500, which has unfortunately been trimmed by 50 per cent due to inflation.

As I looked at the board, I noticed three young girls who were watching me intently. The oldest, who was 16, introduced herself as Gada Khourf. No, she had not gone to school for over two years; she was excited when I told her that I had heard of plans to reopen the school as soon as the cease-fire seems to be more permanent.

Gada worked in Israel for three days before her mother insisted that she remain at home to help with the chores.

I asked her for her opinion about Israel and Israelis had changed over the past two years. It was an unfair and loaded question, but she answered it without hesitation.

"One thing I do know now," she said, "is not to trust my teachers as much as I used to. For years they taught me that Israelis were the same as devils. I know now this is not true. It was a shock for me to learn that practically everything I had been taught by people I respected was a lie."

We waved goodbye to Moutid Hamra, who lives in the last house in non-terrorist territory, on a hill overlooking the town of Bist, and noticed a soldier sitting in the shade of a Lebanese cedar smoking a narghileh. His rifle was resting in his lap and he shouted in our direction: "Aia kejak," everything's all right. He was the only person I came across in the entire region who was happy with the cease-fire. □

مكذبا من الأصل

FAIRNESS demands that one say that Prime Minister Begin never adopted the 100-day grace period which, like so much else, we have taken over from American political custom. He always spoke of at least a year's credit. It seems, however, that just when the 100 days were up, the Begin Government reached a crossroads.

Internally, the present government's authority has been flouted, no less than that of the previous regime, by that shadowy, extra-parliamentary political power, Gush Emunim. Only Begin's intuition that he might resign has held them in check for the time being.

Externally, the Begin-Dayan foreign policy faces an impasse. The non-confrontation with the U.S. has become an open conflict of positions. The much touted peace plan that Dayan brought to Washington is gathering dust. What is being discussed is Palestinian representation at Geneva and a Palestinian entity and homeland. The attempt to discuss procedure with the Americans and substance with the Arabs has misfired. It is a turning point.

This may therefore be a good time as any to draw up an interim balance-sheet and see whether there are any prospects of dividends. We may best start with the government's most mundane performance — its housekeeping.

A NEW government will naturally first do two things: It will take steps to consolidate its political power, and it will, like any workman, set out its tools — organize its administration. In the former aspect, the Begin Government — and there was never a government in Israel, not even under Ben-Gurion, that was so aptly called after its premier — has so far shown its greatest skill and astuteness. The ideas on restructuring of the administration, by contrast, have quietly petered out.

In consolidating his political power, Begin has shown how brilliantly he can manipulate the political machine. Even when allowance is made for the pitiful disarray of the Opposition, he has run rings around his rivals. The record-quick formation of a workable coalition, even at the cost of concessions to his Orthodox partners that quite a few of his supporters would normally have found difficult to swallow, achieved its aim: the Democratic Movement for Change was made a fifth wheel and, as time went on, sorely crooked even if not split wide open.

Simultaneously, Begin, trusting his political instinct and imperiously overriding protests from his own ranks, compounded the Alignment's confusion by appointing Dayan as foreign minister. Nothing is so calculated to demoralize an opponent as to display his desecration to him. Soon after, Begin gave his blooming to Abba Eban's mission, to much the same effect. Neither did he protest against the pro-Dayana rally in Kiryat Haim on October last month.

THE DATE of the elections did not leave Begin much time to use the parliamentary forum to further concenter the Opposition. But such time as he had, before the recess, he used adroitly. Policy proposals, however half-baked, which gave occasion for debate in the Knesset, were consistently designed to hoist the Alignment by its own petard.

Thus, the proposal to return the Bir'im and Ikrit villagers to their

THE FIRST 100 DAYS

"Mr. Begin's 'no confrontation' with the U.S. has become an open conflict.... He has apparently forgotten any ideas he might have had about restructuring the administration, while bringing us closer to a presidential form of government... He has brilliantly manipulated the political machine to confound the Opposition... His economic policy may give unbridled rein to that capitalist rationality that Sapir and Rabinowitz hid from view even as they fostered it." Thus reads Post Economic Editor MEIR MERHAV'S balance sheet of three months of Likud Government.

homos threw Labour into confusion and internal dissent; having achieved that, the government buried the issue in committee. Even when the Opposition did not rise to the bait, as with the now almost forgotten declaration that services for the population in the territories are to be equalized with those for Israelis, Begin managed to project an image of standing for high principles, while the Opposition was made to look as if it were carping over petty details.

The same was true when he called for a unanimous Knesset vote against the PLO. Had not his own party supported such a vote when

the Labour Government called for it? This time, he attempted to obtain a general consensus — which is always intended to emasculate the Opposition — succeeded, with the help of the DMC's navets.

BEGIN'S greatest feat was probably the negotiations with the DMC, whose so-called principles he managed to reduce to petty bargaining over portfolios, leaving it, after a bare two months, painfully sitting on a fence, internally split and politically near-paralytic. He topped that, after realizing that he may not be able to keep all his promises to Agudat Yisrael, by throwing out the idea

of possible early elections.

Thus, at one stroke, put both Agudat Yisrael and the DMC in their place: the former might become superfluous as a coalition partner, and the latter might disappear from the political scene. The poor and the believers who, as he said, voted him into power, might give him an even greater majority.

All in all, then, for those who admire political adroitness for its own sake, regardless of purpose, Begin can chalk up an impressive list of achievements. More of this same will no doubt come after the Knesset reconvenes, and Likud-initiated legislation is tabled, if

the external political situation will not overshadow all.

BEGIN'S high principles are, however, less than conspicuous when it comes to the structure of the government and the humdrum business of putting together a coalition. There, coalition politics and the need to satisfy personal ambitions and internal power blocs have given the idea of death to most of the ideas of administrative reform. Professor Yosef Rom's programme of government reform is nearly forgotten, after a bare three months.

The Ministries of Police and of Tourism have been eliminated, but that of Religious Affairs has been retained. Health cannot be merged with Welfare. A new Ministry of Infrastructure and Energy has been set up, although no one knows exactly what it is supposed to do. When Begin completes his government, there will be nearly as many ministers and deputy ministers as before. Nothing much will have changed.

But the idea behind having a more limited cabinet was not to save the cost of ministerial salaries, offices and equippage. As long as the functions remain, it makes little difference if they are carried out by a director-general, a deputy minister, or a fully fledged minister. The idea was to resist major policy decisions to a smaller number of top-level political decision-makers rather than have a mini-knesset for a government.

That idea of a small cabinet had validity when the government was made up of personalities who, in greater or lesser degree, had independent views on major political problems. With such a cabinet of senior ministers, there could have been a subordinate stratum of junior ministers, from whom mainly executive advice would be expected.

BEGIN HAS, in effect, managed to create a government in which most ministers are, the title notwithstanding, directors-general. They are expected to speak only on the subjects under their jurisdiction. And so they do, apparently. If a major policy decision, such as the agreement to a united Arab delegation to Geneva, could, as reported, be disposed of in 80 minutes, with the prime minister taking up about half the time and most other ministers asking only for clarifications, then we have come perceptibly closer to a presidential form of government.

Is there anything wrong with that? There is. For a presidential government can work effectively and democratically when it is, as in the U.S., checked and balanced by a powerful legislature, judiciary and local government. In a political system that gives the central government overwhelming power, the checks and the balance must be reflected in the government itself, otherwise the road to one-man or one-party rule may be open.

There are cracks and audible creaks in that system of prime ministerial authoritarianism. There is, first of all, the unrestrainable Ariel Sharon, whose impetuosity has never been tempered by an excess of political acumen. His visible embarrassment, in a television interview on September 30, at having to explain why the government was unable to honour, on Succot, the cheque he had issued to Gush Emunim on the eve of Rosh Hashana, when he announced the government's grandiose settlement programme up to the year 2000, was well-nigh

pitiful. But this is unlikely to hamper him in the future.

Then there is Moshe Dayan, who has always been a lone wolf and is unlikely to learn to run in a pack in the seventh decade of his life. The discords between him and his mentor, the prime minister, are for the time being made audible only by Begin's more loyal stalwarts. But any attentive listener will easily hear the sounds of a potential rift between the pragmatic — nay, opportunistic — Dayan and the prophetic, fundamentalist, Begin.

Offstage, there is the third contender for the succession — Ezer



Weizman. Having learned his lesson from a previous attempt to challenge Begin's leadership, he keeps an admirably low profile, suppresses his natural exuberance, and concentrates on what he knows best — the defence forces. Intermittently, there are flashes of the familiar Ezer: from time to time he overleaps the prescribed line. But any upsetting of the present power balance is likely to bring Ezer Weizman out of the Defence Ministry into the political limelight.

Finally, there is Simcha Ehrlich who, as economic proconsul, is well-nigh independent. He has so far, in public, loyally stuck to the division of labour between him and Begin. But if foreign policy should begin to have economic consequences, he may have something important to say.

AT A LOWER level of administrative organization, the government has made a point of retaining all civil servants, even at the highest levels, where political significance cannot be separated from executive function. Not one ambassador has been recalled, and only one director-general has been replaced. On the face of it, this looks quite laudable: the civil service, most people would say, should be a civil service, not a political apparatus.

The retention of the civil servants is of course partly a case of sour grapes. It is not for lack of the will to appoint politically loyal functionaries, but for lack of suitable candidates, that the top echelons of the bureaucracy have so far been left intact.

That this is so can be perceived most clearly from a look at the political appointments that have been made. The first among these were ideological posts for which the Likud, and Herut in particular, had a certain reservoir of candidates. There followed a few that were based on past membership in the Irgun and personal loyalties.

There cannot be much doubt that the present symbiosis of the top-level bureaucracy with the government will not last forever. There is already enough pressure from below, in the different Likud parties, to appoint party men to top posts. It would be unnatural for this not to happen, as soon as candidates become available. But what makes it possible for all these bureaucrats to stay where they are?

Partly, the answer is that many of them have little choice. Equivalent jobs are just not that plentiful. But more importantly, the ability of most top officials to continue to serve loyally reflects, more clearly than anything else, that it was the Alignment with its

conception of *mamlachtiut* (statehood, or perhaps *clitism*, without the latter term's negative connotation) that bred the Likud and laid the ground for its advent to power.

There are differences of historical origin and tradition. To the generation now in its 40s, which most of the top civil service posts, these mean precious little. Nuances of tactics, style and emphasis apart, the differences in basic philosophies — political, social, economic — are as between tweedledee and tweedledum. There has, simply, been no shift of allegiance. The civil service is, in fact, honest and true to itself. What it is asked to represent and do today is not only essentially what it has done before — in many areas it is what it has itself suggested and pushed for.

In no field is this more evident than in economic policy. The economic technocracy, mostly reared on capitalist theory and ideology, long de-politicized and thus made impervious to social considerations, has for years been stroking at the bit of those last vestiges of a regard for the interests of labour that Alignment ministers still had to profess, committed as they were to institutionalized Labour. No wonder, therefore, that they suddenly feel a new freedom under a government that, of long last, may give unbridled rein to that capitalist rationality that Pinhas Sapir and Yehoshua Rabinowitz hid from view even as they fostered it in practice.

This is, essentially, also the answer to those who scrutinize in vain the government's course to find a clear direction, a goal, a programme that is different from



that of its predecessor. There is simply no such thing. The system shows all the signs of remaining the same, although there may be marginal changes in the identity of its beneficiaries.

Our economic government seems to be conscious of this lack of a visible difference. It therefore tries to blow up all kinds of ideological declamations to the size of would-be operational programmatic differences. To this category belong Finance Minister Simcha Ehrlich's verbal attacks on the kibbutzim, his professions of belief that a little unemployment might do a lot of good, while he promises, in the same breath, that the very same unemployment will not occur (it hasn't occurred). Here belongs, also, the repeated declaration of war on inflation, while all that caused it in the past goes on, from the printing of money through tax evasion to continuous devaluation.

There is much ideological sweating by the principles of Milton Friedman — but in practice his gospel is, happily, taken with a tumblerful of salt. There is much talk of reducing government intervention, but in practice not a single government function has been abolished. Not one control (except for some price controls — which were not enforced anyway); not one office shut down; not even one of the scores of bulletin government of each and every government of each and every government of self-adoration has disappeared.

There is much talk of selling off government corporations, although the talk becomes more

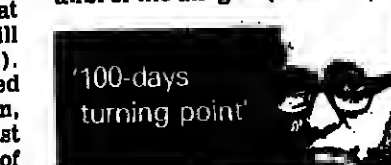
mutated as the problems involved become better known. Housing and Construction Minister Gideon Patt was the first to huddle over with ideas designed to usher in the new age of economic freedom. It seems that some of these ideas, like many that have been heard mainly from the Treasury, have meanwhile become bogged down in difficulties of implementation, or must await evolution by committee.

There is the promise that the next budget, for 1978/79, will reveal the new policy. Understandably, the current budget could not deviate much from what had been proposed by the previous government. Under pressure to show some visible results, to stop marking time, the present government from time to time floats balloons that give us an inkling of which way it leans, what the taste of the new economic era will be.

THUS, while we see no sign of as much as the beginning of a reform of the tax administration, we hear that tax evaders will be amnestied with a consolation prize. While price controls are dismantled — not that they were effective, anyway — subsidies to basic foodstuffs and services will be eliminated as soon as possible. The idea of abolishing the allowances for the first two children has been tried out on public opinion — a legitimate exercise in itself, of gauging political feasibility — without having been checked out first for its implications. The employers, probably realizing that this would spell a new wave of wage demands, understandably joined the ranks of the opponents.

Does it all add up to something? In terms of the prospects of increasing the national cake through renewed growth, which might make many things palatable that otherwise would not be, it means nothing perceptible. In terms of how the existing cake will be divided up, it does mean something. The well-to-do will do even better, the very poor will be fobbed off with charity. The lower-to-middle-income groups, the backbone of the working population, will take the brunt. The universal welfare system will gradually be dismantled; its place will be taken by alms for the poor.

In the economic as in the other spheres of government it often seems as if the election campaign is still being fought. Completely forgetting that a government, once in power, is responsible for a state of affairs, not for its genesis, ministers constantly invoke the alibi of the alleged (and real) mis-



doings of their predecessors. A hundred days are certainly not enough to clear out the cobwebs and trash left in the corners of the government apartment by its previous, 20-year tenant. But one wonders — will it need another 20 years to get rid of the alleged mess?

On the economic front, as well as on the organizational-administrative one, the record of the first 100 days therefore amounts to a rather meagre one. If there has been no increase in liabilities, there has also been no increase in assets. Neither do there seem to be any dividends in the offing.

Moreover, the vague Friedmanesque ideas of capitalist freedom are strangely out of har-

mony with the main thrust of the Likud Government's foreign policy. That would seem to require, at least on a contingency basis, some provision against possible external economic constraints. Messrs. Begin and Dayan may have economic consequences that will call for more — and more stringent — controls and control mechanisms than those due to be dismantled. But there seems to be never a thought of that.

THE 100-DAY turning point, however, has been most precise and dramatic in the most important sphere of our national existence and well-being — foreign affairs. There, Begin promised us "Peace in Our Time." A line was to be drawn under the spineless policy of the previous government which, through constant prevarication, somehow hoped to muddle through and meanwhile risked not only our territorial legacy of the whole of Eretz Yisrael, but our very existence.

Begin, barely come to power, imperiously told foreign newsmen to stop using the term "occupied territories" and call them



"liberated." Instead, he promised Gush Emunim "many more Eilon Moreh" — and just cashed in Jericho and Dotan. To Washington he went, where he saw and conquered, and when he returned, to jubilant acclaim, he brought the message that "there was no confrontation."

The U.S. and its President had been respectfully asked to keep their proper place in the Middle East. The U.S. was to be the umpire. Our right to existence needed no approval or confirmation. Our historical, legal and moral rights to all of Eretz Yisrael were God-ordained — and who should better understand this than the Baptist President of the United States? Having no conflict, with, only amity for, the U.S., there was nothing to negotiate with it. Negotiations are a matter between adversaries. Therefore, with the U.S. as honest broker, we might discuss procedure — whom to bring together and how. Substance we should discuss with the Arabs.

The first sour reaction in the chemistry between Begin and President Carter came over the settlements that Begin legalized immediately upon his return from Washington. Then Secretary of State Cyrus Vance came and, because the U.S. has vital national and global interests in the Middle East, did not quite accept the mere role of disinterested observer. Procedure was discussed, but the substance broke through. Perhaps this was the breakthrough that Begin announced triumphantly when Vance left.

While Carter gradually and with increasing emphasis made it clear that there are fundamental differences of substance between the U.S. and Israel, the government prepared Dayan's visit to the U.S. for the proximity talks with the Arab foreign ministers. Dayan held much publicized secret meetings, made a surprise hop back for consultations with Begin, and finally arrived in Washington carrying a draft peace treaty, with paragraphs, sub-paragraphs, preambles and addenda, the likes of which had never been prepared before.

FOUR WEEKS have gone by, and the peace draft seems to be on the shelf. Washington wanted to discuss Palestinian participation in Geneva — a procedural matter that is very much a thing of substance. So do the Arab states. So does Moscow. So does the rest of the world. And thus the conditions have been created for building up that universal pressure against the one leader who would remain opposed to world-wide public opinion, of which Carter warned only a short while ago.

To cap it all, the Soviet Union, which Begin set out to keep out of our area for the defence and greater good of the shrinking Free World, has been brought back by the U.S. into an active role, as co-sponsor of what may become that most ominous of all solutions — an imposed settlement.

There is no confrontation with the U.S. — only a fundamental conflict. No longer are American positions coordinated with Israel — on the contrary, they come close to being coordinated with the Arabs. And thus the idea that the major world power can, anywhere, fulfill the role of a disinterested umpire has already been demonstrated as utterly naive.

The crux of the matter is that the Begin Government has left itself, as far as the Palestinians are concerned, with a single string to its bow. The Alignment Government, having been prepared, in principle, to discuss territorial concessions in the West Bank as elsewhere, at least had a remote chance that the Arab states might sell out the PLO, if not the Palestinians.

With an offer of withdrawal "from the occupied territories," against peace and adequate security arrangements, whether step-by-step or all at once, it was at least conceivable that neither Saudi, nor Egypt, nor King



Hussein's Jordan, nor even the Syrians, would go out of their way to insist on a Palestinian state. A Jordanian solution would have been possible, however remotely, although even that would probably not have brought final peace.

With the offer that there will be no sovereignty other than that of Israel (except for the Mediterranean and the Jordan, and that there will be no discussions of any substance with any Palestinians even though they may be permitted to put in a ceremonial appearance, the Begin-Dayana policy has reached an impasse.

The Geneva Conference might be re-convened on the basis of some clever formula. But if it is to produce anything, something will have to give somewhere. And the Vance-Gromyko statement ominously implies that if anything is to give, it will give under pressure.

WHAT WE HAVE on the balance sheet, therefore, at the end of the first 100 days, is a lot of style and few tangible assets.

We have a spreading habit of rolling our eyes towards heaven, of invoking divine blessing, of calling for a greater "Jewishness" whose content is never specified. We have many declamations and the constant use of superlatives — which is quite natural for those who think in absolutes. But we have, regrettably, little else. □

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VALE ATQUE AVE



HENRY ROTH — whose novel *Call it Sleep* is an acclaimed modern masterpiece — has just returned to the United States after a two-month visit to Israel. But he'll be back, to settle. In this short piece, Roth describes his mood and thoughts just before he left the country.

THE SUN that rose over the southern slope of the dark cone of the Church of the Dormition when R and his wife, M, first took up residence at Mishkenat Sha'ananim, now rose over the Diaspora Yeshiva in the south. The hour was fast approaching for their departure. Five days hence they would have to pack, which meant only four days free, and of these much time would have to be spent in preparation for departure: in the purchase of trinkets for gentle neighbours in Albuquerque; in obtaining enough litot to leave the country — and bestow small gratuities on the domestic help; in sending off via surface mail baake and periodicals they had acquired; in arranging to ship their luggage beforehand at the local El Al office; in settling accounts at Mishkenat Sha'ananim for two months at The Jerusalem Post, mailing charges, use of telephone, and excess breakage. And of course, much time would have to be spent bidding farewell to the warm and generous friends that be and M had so readily made here.

NOW THAT he had declared his intention to return to Israel — and despite the wry objections of his friends, all loyal Jerusalemites — to settle in the Tel Aviv area, he had two separate teams of acquaintances scouting far a suitable place to live in next fall. He trusted in their loyalty and his need for quiet living quarters in which to write. They understood his need to be reasonably close to the heart of the one city in Israel where he could still discern the vestiges of his boyhood. It was the one city that paralleled and evoked the East Side.

And yet it would not be merely the East Side as he had known it that he would be returning to; it would be the East Side suddenly expanded, suddenly diversified, suddenly a mstrapolis, as if all of New York had become the East Side. It was there that he hoped to find himself again. It was there that he hoped to force the connection between the East Side, experience of his boyhood, the evolution of the slum youth into literary awareness, and the old reverse the order: Vale atque ave.

That what was clear in his mind — however askew his plans might be. But what would he say to his friends in Albuquerque about his future plans; and, especially, what would he say to his Jewish friends, those with whom he had only lately begun to associate an pro-Israel commitment and Diaspora-strengthening educational boards? What should be his attitude toward them? He couldn't decide. He had made his choice to cast in his lot with Israel; he still unflinched, they lingered in the Diaspora. He felt as if he had gone beyond them.

Clear sky... into September... the Sabbath. Through the lozenges of the window beside his desk he could see the flutter of leaves in a light breeze, and further off the steady cypresses like sentinels. He stood up.

And he walked out through the back door that had once been the front door of Mishkenat Sha'ananim into the suddenly increased insidely of traffic noise on the Hebron Road across the lush Valley of the Hinnom. A gaunt cat scaled the law but-tressing wall and disappeared among the shrubs. The long and lonely colonnade of venerable pillars at Ramsgate arched that supported the roof, divided into separate frames the panoramas before him: the white cross of St. Andrew on the blue flag flying above the Scottish Hospice, the Arab village, in the distance on ashy hillsides, into which Israeli afforestation intruded, the road winding quaintly about the graves of Mt. Zion, the Diaspora Yeshiva, the Church of the Caenaculum, the Church of the Dormition, the Old City wall, weathered above and stained below where it had met the wall, David's Tower honed to a point against the turning sky; and near at hand the renovated buildings on whose tawny and rose limestone blocks the sunlight clung like a lacquer.

And so farewell, he thought, turning back to the comfortable apartment that Jerusalem had placed at his disposal the past two months. How did the Ramsgate evolution of the slum youth into literary awareness, and the old reverse the order: Vale atque ave.

SAILORS, LAGGARDS AND LOVERS

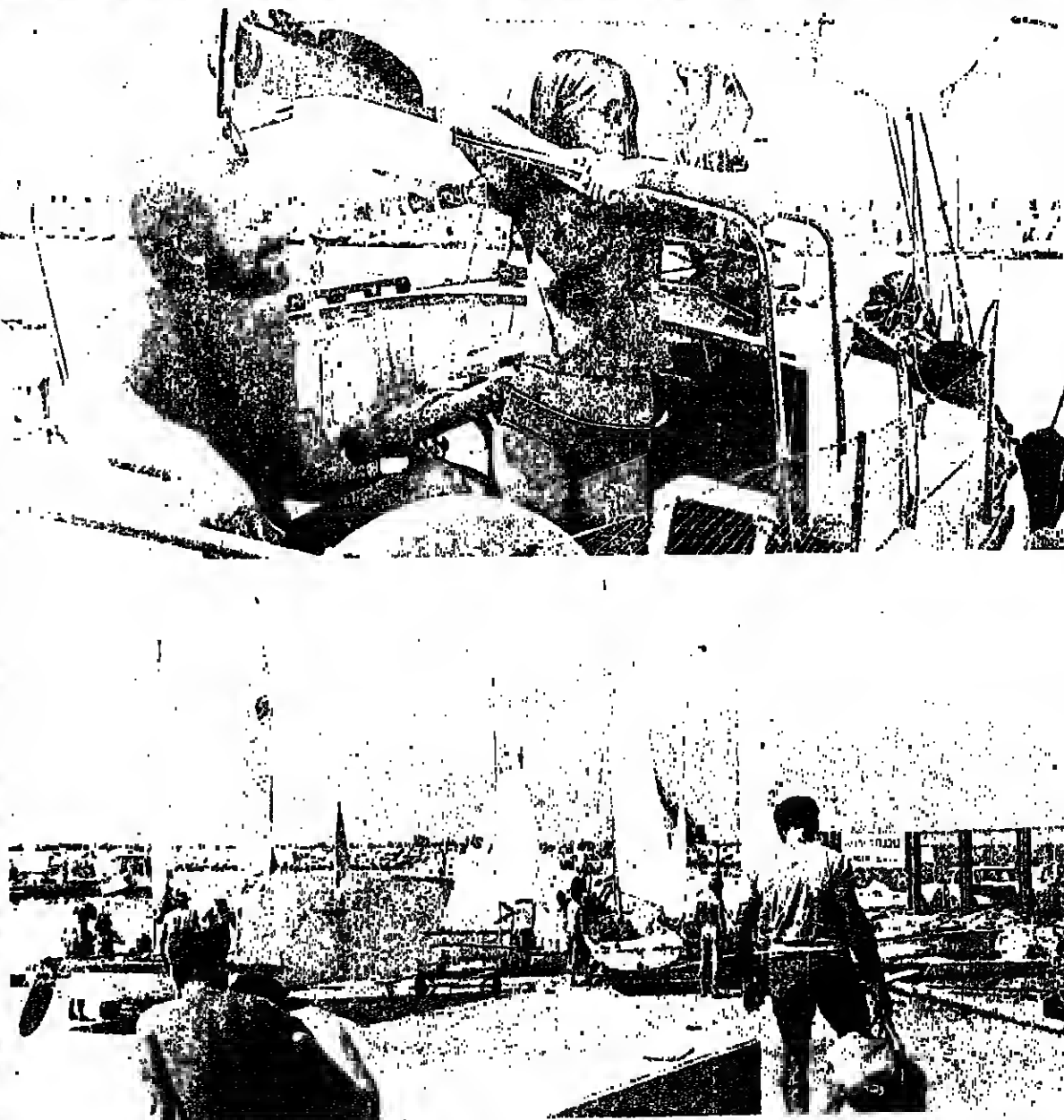
THE TEL AVIV Marina continues to attract ever-increasing numbers of Israelis and foreigners.

The hot sun, the jumbled proximity of many working and playing people often scintillatingly dressed, and, on rough days, the flying spray as the breakers angrily crash against the high breakwater surrounding the marina, create a warm, vibrant atmosphere. What attracts the owners of the hundreds of sailboats lodged at the Marina, however, is the moment when they climb into their vessel and head out to sea.

The marina, on the waterfront below Kikar Atarim, opened about a year ago and moved to its present location half a year later. A wide range of services are available, including a repair shop; a store carrying a wide variety of sailboat and nautical goods; boats for hire, and courses in seamanship, navigation, and marine communication.

There are 600 small boats parked on trailers or, as with the very smallest, stacked with their masts removed in racks that contain six hulls. Another 150 vessels are kept in the water: these are the larger ones, ranging from six-metre boats with a small enclosed cockpit area to large sailing yachts suitable for cruising the oceans. Marina officials say that most of the boat owners were introduced to sailing through the courses initiated six years ago by Giora Kaidar, today the marina's director.

Some of the most colourful boats are the foreign yachts, 85 of which have passed through the marina this year. The crews arriving from the warmer latitudes, generally by way of the Suez Canal, are readily identifiable in the showers by their deep unbroken tan. Their boats range from the expensive ones of the rich on a yacht jaunt from Europe, to self-built floating homes circumnavigating the globe.



The most colourful boats at the new Tel Aviv Marina are the foreign yachts, which range from the expensive vessels of the rich to the self-built floating homes of compulsive travellers. ROBERT NOBEL visits the marina to talk to visiting yachtsmen and local boat-lovers.

The marina had no apologies for being a boat owner. "The boat cost IL70,000 and another 5,000 a year maintenance and docking costs," he said. "It's true that most of the boat owners are better off financially but it's no crime to own a boat. We're the ones who build the country, not the welfare cases."

Another boat owner is Ranon Ot-nick, 22. He took advantage of the hot early-autumn sun to work on the eight-metre vessel he had bought only the week before. Like most owners of the larger boats, he shares his with a partner. After asking me to remove my shoes, as is the practice on most boats, he escorted me aboard past the newly painted white trim in the neat compact interior. There was a small galley with benches that continued back under the deck, forming the walls of the outside cockpit and serving as beds. In the front was a small cabin with two berths lining the converging walls of the bow.

Ronan said he had paid his share of the IL90,000 purchase price with money he had saved during two years in the Israeli merchant fleet. "I invested everything that I had in her," he said, "because I love the sea and boats and enjoy taking care of them."

One public-service employee working on his six-metre boat out-

made the sea their home.

Max Lynch, 32, an Australian, used to be an accountant. In January, 1974, after selling his home, furnishings and car, he and his wife Diane went to sea. About a year later, they dropped anchor in New Guinea, where their son Brynmawr was born. The family stayed in New Guinea a year, during which Max worked as an accountant for the government.

When Brynmawr turned one, his parents decided that he was fit to stand the rigours of the sailing life, and they hoisted sail again and set out to sea. Today, at two-and-a-half, Brynmawr nimblely makes his way about the deck. As an added safety precaution, Max has rigged a high fishnet to the fence ringing the deck.

"It is a little harder raising a child on a boat like this," Diane said. "We don't get to go out and he doesn't get much exposure to other people. The thing that his misers most is spoiling from his grandparents."

THE BOAT'S hull was made out of ferrous cement, explaining a relatively new process of ship-building whereby a class-woven frame of steel rods is made and then filled with cement. Max pointed out that the finished product floats just like a hull made entirely of steel floats. After the bare hull was prepared by the boat's designer, Max completed

the job, producing a professional-looking and reliable vessel.

The main cabin, just below deck, opens into the kitchen area. This has a surprising amount of counter space, a built-in table, and benches lining the wall. The influence of the boat's 20-30-degree heel under sail is reflected in the jar racks, which have a special perforated board to hold jars in place. A built-in fastened in the corner of the counter area holds the person preparing the food, leaving bath at his hands free far work.

On the other side of the kitchen is the toilet. Alongside, on the wall, is a small tiled bathtub; water for a bath is heated in the kitchen. There is an attractive forward sleeping cabin.

"This amateur boat builder doesn't build boats for money, but for himself," Max said, "so he doesn't cut corners. If you cruise a boat, your life depends on its performance as it should. And if you've built your own boat, you know it inside out if anything goes wrong."

ABOARD Ernie and Lee Cram-ton's trimaran (Ernie, 60, lifted the gangway behind me so that ants would not follow us), there was no mistaking that I was in a "hame." Lee, 60, was working in her kitchen canning a preparation made from beans.

The kitchen area in the main cabin is fitted with an oven, a

refrigerator, and a sink with running water. The gaily curtained living area of the three-hulled boat, built by the couple in four-and-a-half years of spare time and costing \$11,000, includes a stereo bolted into place, tapes, stacks of books, and Lee's bunk. Ernie sleeps in a little cabin in the stern of the boat. This cabin has a large shelf filled with rows of books, further testimony to the couple's declared pace of a book a day.

Ernie explained that he and Lee have a daily routine at sea that involves half-a-day's work. Lee fixes breakfast and tidies the boat while Ernie puts on more sail, takes a morning navigation sight and tends to any necessary small repairs. Afterwards, they retire to their respective bunks and read for a few hours.

"Our separate bunks give us a chance to be by ourselves a little," Ernie explained. He is used to spending the day with Lee, his wife of 30 years, because of the many years they worked together in their dry-cleaning and laundry business in Vancouver, Canada. "No matter how well you get along, though, you need to be alone sometimes."

The couple set out from Canada's west coast in the summer of 1970, after selling their house and possessions. They left on shore their two married daughters. ("They thought we were nuts," said Ernie.) Since then they have sailed 60,000 miles and visited more than 40 countries, and have weathered numerous gales and several hurricanes: once they were drenched in the South Pacific and had to fashion a small mast out of the wreckage in order to return to land.

"The biggest hazard at sea is that of being run down by a large ship that doesn't see you," said Ernie. "But after all our travels we feel the most dangerous thing of all is riding a moped in the city."

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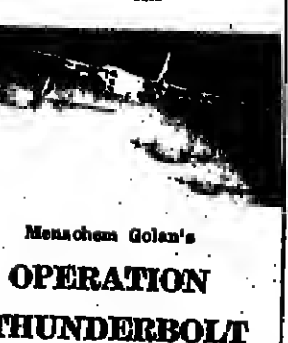
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5 years of film-making in all
parts of the world has
resulted in the production of
an amazing and entertaining
film

Savage World
Technicolor in colour
Not suitable for children
under 19
"Shapira" films

MOGRABI Tel. 288881
9th week

Sylvester Stallone
Talia Shire

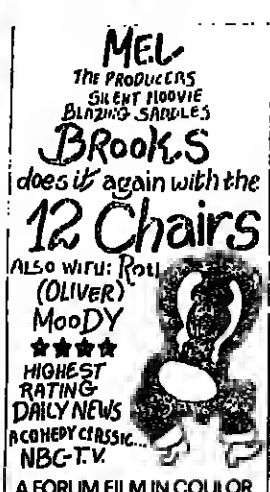


OPHIR Tel. 618881
10th week
ROGER MOORE
BARBARA BACH
OUTBURST



ROGER MOORE
JAMES BOND
007
THE SPY WHO
LOVED ME
4.30 - 7.30
United Artists

PARIS Tel. 236000
8th week



12 Chairs
FRI. 10, 12, 2;
10 p.m. & midnight
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays: 10, 12, 2, 4,
7.15 & 9.30

PEER Tel. 443795
2nd week



"A FIRST-CLASS
ENTERTAINMENT.
-Richard Schickel
Time Magazine

ART
CARNEY
LILY
TOMLIN
4.30, 7.30, 9.30

VOYAGE OF
THE DAMNED
starting:
FAYE DUNAWAY
MAX VON SYDOW
OSCAR WERNER
MALCOLM MCDOWELL
in
Sat. night 10 - 12
All week 7.15, 9.30

ROYAL Tel. 55881
Israel Premiere
VIRGIN IN THE
FAMILY
10 colour
Adults only
Fri. 10.15-2
Sat. 7.30-9.30
Daily 10-12-2-4-7.30-9.30

STUDIO Tel. 285817
4th week
3 WOMEN
SHERLEY DUVALL
SUSY SPAOKS
JANICA RULIN
Weekdays: 4.30, 7, 9.30

ORLY Tel. 284025
11th week

FUNNY PEOPLE
The comedy of comedies
4.30-7.30-9.30
ESTHER Tel. 225510
1st week
DRI ZOHAR
OIRA ALMAGOR
GABI AMIRANT
SAVE THE
LIFEGUARD

TCHELET Tel. 443050
THE CLOWNS
Follies
4.30, 7.15, 9.30

TEL AVIV MUSEUM
Hester Street
Writer and Director
JOAN MICKLIN SILVER
with
CAROL KANE
STEVEN KEATS

TEL AVIV Tel. 281181
EXORCIST No. 2
THE HERETIC
* Richard Durlas
* Luda Blais
4.30, 7.15, 9.30

Haifa Cinemas
Commencing Saturday, October 15, 1977

AMPHITHEATRE
4th week
BUD SPENCER
TERRENCE HILL
in
CRIME BUSTERS
Nobody is safe on either
side of the law
Peris. 4.00, 6.45, 9.00

ARMON Tel. 604848
Israel Premiere
A genuine thriller
Black Sunday
Starring Robert Shaw
Paris. 4.00, 6.30, 9.00

ATZMON
A most astonishing and
entertaining work
the world over
Savage World
In technicolor and colour
Peris. 4.00, 6.45, 9.00

CHEN Tel. 668272
8th week
Academy award winner:
best picture, best director
Starring
SYLVESTER STALLONE
ROCKY
in
No complimentary tickets
Owing to length of peris.
4.00, 6.30, 9.00

MIRON Tel. 669068
From Friday
six comedy peris.
A 10 min film
Fist Against Fist
For adults only

FEER Tel. 662232
Ventilated
Festival queen of the screen
NINOTCHKA
Starring Orla Gaba
Peris. 4.00, 6.45, 9.00

ORLY Tel. 81868
4th week
The screen's most
sacred and special
of man and war
Joseph M. Levine's
A BRIDGE
TOO FAR
MIKE ROGERS
MICHAEL GATIN
JAMES GAN
SEAN CONNELLY
Owing to length
peris. 4.00, 6.30

SHAHAF, Kikar Atarim
12th week



WOODY ALLEN
DIANE KEATON
Fri. 10, 12 midnight
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays, 4.30, 7.30, 9.30
United Artists

ZAFON Tel. 448036
11th week

JEAN ROCHART
CLAUDE BRASSEUR
Un Elephant
Ca Trompe
4.30, 7.15, 9.30

Ramat Gan Cinemas

Commencing Saturday, October 15, 1977

ARNON Tel. 720708
SAVAGE
WORLD
4, 7, 9.30

OASIS 4th week
DRI ZOHAR
GABI AMIRANT
OIRA ALMAGOR
SAVE THE
LIFEGUARD

LILI 7.15, 9.30
GLENDIA JACKSON AS
THE
INCREDIBLE
SARAH

ORDEA Tel. 721720
12th and last week
The Comedy of Comedies
FUNNY PEOPLE
4, 7.15, 9.30

RAMA Tel. 721912
7.15, 9.30
DEATH FLIGHT
Mon., Wed.
also at 4.30
In colour

RAMAT GAN
4th and last week
7.15, 9.30
CRIME
BUSTERS
No lavitations, nor reductions

HADAI Tel. 728822
2nd week
UN ELEPHANT
CA TROMPE
7.15, 9.30

Herzliya
DAVID Tel. 884031
AIRPORT '77
* Jack Lemmon
* Lee Grant
* Brenda Vaccaro
4, 7, 9.15

TIFERET 7.15 - 9.15
FIVE TO HELL
KLAUS KINSKY
JOHN DANKO

Petah Tikva
SHALOM
Pocket Money
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
All week 8.30, 7, 9.15
Wednesday 7 - 9.15
ZAHAVA AND THE 8
BEARS

Netanya
ESTHER 2nd week
FUNNY
PEOPLE
Sat. 5 - 7 - 9.15
Weekdays, 4.30 - 7 - 9.15

Jerusalem Cinemas

Commencing Saturday, October 15, 1977

ARNON Tel. 224829
PEYTON PLACE
* LANA TURNER

EDISON Tel. 224066
Starting 15.10.77
Saturday 7, 9
Weekdays 4, 6.45, 9
A great dramatic Indian
love story with new songs
and dances

AAP BEATI
with Shashi Kapoor
Nehru Malini
Ashok Kumar
Permit Tolon
In Colour

ORION Tel. 528989
2nd week
A new sexy film
THE NOTORIOUS
CLEOPATRA
in colour
For adults only
six nonstop peris.
from Friday

MORIAH Tel. 242477
5rd week
A Great Comedy starring
ELLIOTT GOULD
DIANE KEATON
in



I WILL, I WILL
FOR NOW
Peris. 6.45, 9.00

RON Tel. 669068
19th week
The Comedy of Comedies
FUNNY
PEOPLE
In colour
Peris. 4.00 - 6.45 - 9.00

SHAVIT Tel. 85846
Vanessa Redgrave in her
sensational role in
Out Of Season
Peris. all week 6.45, 9.00

JERUSALEM



7, 9.15
MITCHELL
ROBERT SHAW
MARTHA KELLER
BLACK
SUNDAY
9.45, 1.15
Wednesday also at 4.00

ORGLI Tel. 284176
4th week
DRI ZOHAR
OIRA ALMAGOR
GABI AMIRANT
SAVE THE
LIFEGUARD
9.45, 1.15
Wednesday also at 4.00

ORNA Tel. 224738
* RICHARD OUSTON
* LINDA BLAIR
* MAX VON SYDOW
EXORCIST No. 2
THE HERETIC
For adults only
4, 7, 9

ORION Tel. 222014
4th week
4.45 - 9
BUD SPENCER
TERRENCE HILL
In the best comedy
of the year!
CRIME BUSTERS
No complimentary tickets
or reductions

RON Tel. 284704
ALAN ARNOLD
THE RUSSIANS ARE
Coming,
The Russians Are
Coming

SEMADEH 9th week
WOODY ALLEN
in
ANNIE HALL
7 - 9.15



Jake (Steven Keats) brings (Carol Kane) and their son (Paul Freedman) home in "Hester Street."

FILMS IN BRIEF

(Continued from page 4)

However, the realism of the action is under-
mined by an old-timey cost which constantly
reminds us that we are witnessing a Joseph
Levine spectacular. We are too lavishly
costumed, and too little moved by the film,
which could have been a classic re-
statement of war's tragic dilemmas.

FIRE - A hoodlum loses a lighted cigarette
into the dry underbrush, a forest goes up in
flames and the inhabitants of a small lumber
town struggle their way to survival.

FUNNY PEOPLE - South African film-
maker Jamie Uys traps people in preloved
joke situations, with hidden camera techni-
que. Hilariously ridiculous reactions of
passers-by turn to uneasy laughter when the
guiltibility of under-educated blacks is ex-
ploited.

HESTER STREET - Sympathetically
depicts the dilemma of Shetl Jews from all
over Europe in adapting to the mores of their
adoptive country - the U.S. Steven Keats
plays the assimilated Jew who has preceded
his wife (Carol Kane) and son to America
and tries to eradicate his old self by rejecting
her.

THE INCREDIBLE SARAH - Free por-
trayal of the early life of famous French se-
nator Sarah Bernhardt. Levish settings, well-
known cast, and an overpowering Glenda
Jackson.

I WILL, I WILL... FOR NOW - Farrel
comedy. Musky. With Elliott Gould and
Diane Keaton.

QUEEN CHRISTINA - Greta Garbo as a
17th Century Swedish queen who relinquishes
the throne for her lover Olof.

THE LATE SHOW - A show of contrasts,
primarily in the relationship between a
pragmatic realist (Max Carmoy) and a dream-
ing idealist (Lily Tomlin), who dabbles in
Eastern cults and psychoanalysis.

NICKELODEON - About the birth of the
multi-million dollar movie industry. Set in
rocks to asbestos and gets to play the world

1910 when for a nickel one could enjoy the
Nickelodeon - silent film with live piano ac-
companiment. Directed by Peter
Bogdanovich. Stars Ryan O'Neal, Brian
Keith and Burt Reynolds.

NINOTCHKA - 1939 Ernst Lubitsch comedy
about an icy Russian agent (Orla Gaba) in
Paris who falls in love with a dashing Melvyn
Douglas.

OPERATION THUNDERBOLT - The
Israeli-made film of the Entebbe rescue mis-
sion directed by Monheim Olan. This one
stars real Israelis including some familiar
ex-Cabinol faces. Fast paced and more con-
vincing than the previous versions.

OUT OF SEASON - Three excellent per-
formances in serious theatrical-style drama.
Mother, former lover and daughter fight it
out in a run-down English hotel. Sensual,
shocking climax. Some excellent dialogue.

PEYTON PLACE - 1957 Academy Award
winning film based on Grace Metalious' no-
vel about life in a small New England
town. Gossip, affairs, plus other ingredients
that combine to produce soap opera trivia.
Redeeming features are good photography,
and a strong cast that includes Mark Robson
and Lana Turner.

POCKET MONEY - A series of sketches
about children at a school in a small town in
the centre of France which takes one into the
funny and sad and sometimes disconcerting
secret world of childhood. Director Francois
Truffaut gets astonishingly natural per-
formances from his young cast and even those
who do not usually care for child actors or
films about children will find this picture
worthwhile. In French.

THREE WOMEN - A long, tedious tale of
despair documenting the unrelenting
boredom and desperation of three women
whose lives cross only tangentially, but then
inevitably merge into one only. Preten-
tious, though artfully crafted, nonsense.

TIGERS DON'T CRY - The sizzling President
of Cambodia is kidnapped from a South African
hospital by a man nurse, while a Russian
agent is out to assassinate him. Exciting and
gentle the enervating, but suffers from lapses of
sentimentality and absurdity.

THE TWELVE CHAIRS - Mel Brooks'
adventure comedy set in 1927 Russia against
a background of post-revolutionary chaos.
With Mel Brooks, Ron Moody, Dom DeLuise
and others.

VOYAGE OF THE DAMNED - Recounts
the tragic episode of the 'Titanic' sent by the
Germans to Cuba with 931 Jewish refugees as a
propaganda move, knowing they would not
be permitted to land. Max von Sydow stars
as the anti-Nazi captain of the ship.

An Organ Recital

of works by Bach
will be given by

Prof. Louis Leibundgut

(Switzerland)

on Sunday, Oct. 16, 1977,
at 7.30 p.m.

at St. Anthony's Church,
51 Yefet Street, Jaffa.

DRIVE-IN CLUB

Tel. 471177

Tonight at 10 and midnight
a love story
for wives who resent
being taken for granted.

* Kris Kristofferson
* George Segal
* Shelley Long

BLUME IN LOVE

PLASTIC CURTAINS

for bathrooms, kitchens, etc.,
prepared to order.
Imported plastic,
All kinds of tablecloths,
Terylene, floor mats, covers,

GEFFNER
30 Bekey Plankin, Tel Aviv
Kerner Trampelberg,
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Artistic
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Your best
buy

ROBEX

THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1977

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THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

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מכאן אל האל

WHAT'S ON

Notices are accepted for this column at the rate of 11.17.23 per line including VAT, publication daily over a period of a month costs IL20.50 per line including VAT. Ads are accepted at offices of The Jerusalem Post and at all recognized advertising agencies.

Plant a Tree in Israel with Your Own Hands: free tours for planters to the Hill of Olives, every Monday and Wednesday. From Jerusalem and every Tuesday from Tel Aviv. For details and registration please call Visitors Department, Kerem Kayemet L'Eretz, Jewish National Fund, in Jerusalem, King George Ave., corner Rehov Kerem Kayemet, Tel. 62-3926. In Tel Aviv, 26 Rehov Hayarkon, opp. Dan Hotel, Tel. 42-23449.

Jerusalem
Tourists and visitors come and see the General Israel Orphan Home for Girls, Jerusalem, and its manifold activities and impressively modern building. Free guided tours weekdays between 10-4. Bus No. 4 Kiryat Moshe, Tel. 322251.
CONDUCTED TOURS
Hudassa Tours
1. Medical Centre 01 8.30 a.m., 11.00 a.m.,

12.15 p.m. and 1.00 p.m. Last tour on Friday at 12.15 p.m. Kennedy Building, No. 10, Tel. 322251.
2. Mt. Scopus Hospital: Tours from 8.30 a.m. to 12.30 p.m. No charge, buses 9 and 26. Tel. 322251.
3. Morning half-day tour of oil Hadassah projects, \$4 per person towards transportation. By reservation only: Tel. 418333. Hebrew University, tours in English at 9 and 11 a.m. from Administration Building, Givat Haim Campus, Mount Scopus, tours 11.30 a.m. from the Martin Roper Building, buses 9 and 26, School of Education bus stop. Further details: Tel. 322251.
4. Evening tour of the Mount Scopus, 11.30 a.m. from the Martin Roper Building, buses 9 and 26, School of Education bus stop. Further details: Tel. 322251.
5. American Miraschi Women, Gucal Tours — 19a Kerem Hayasod Street, Jerusalem, Tel. 322251.

Jerusalem
Tel Aviv
CONDUCTED TOURS
Emanah — World Religious Zionist Women's Organization: "Kafet," 188 Rehov Ibn Gabirol, Tel. 46016, 749042. Canadian Hudson-Wise Office, 116 Rehov Hayarkon, Tel. 227060, 8 a.m.-2 p.m.
Pioneer Women — National Free morning tours, Sunday, Tuesday, Thursday, by appointment, Call Tel. 26111, ext. 290, Tel Aviv.
ORT Israel: For visits please contact: ORT Tel Aviv, Tel. 782202; ORT Jerusalem, Tel. 633141; ORT Netanya, Tel. 32744.
American Miraschi Women, Gucal Tours — Tel Aviv, Tel. 250187, 25108.
MISCELLANEOUS
Tel Aviv Hilton. The only Jewellers in Israel with a world-wide guarantee, H. Stern Jewellers, Duty and tax free.
Golfclub, Chess and Wine in Old Jaffa, 7 Mizal Ogin, Tel. 62-2223.

Jerusalem
MUSEUMS
Israel Museum. Exhibitions: Otziolo Morandi, richly; Michael Gross — Outdoor and Indoor Works, 1974-77; Logo in the Israel Museum: Homage to Yitzhak Danziger; Ancient Art, The Norbert Schimmel Collection; Teatrarelli by Buch-minster Fuller and the Donkey and the Darling by Larry Rivers and Terry Southern — story-books containing lithographs; Our Pupils at Work, 1977. Youth Wing: Educational Exhibition on Mesopotamian Culture, Youth Wing; Simhat Tora Plays, Youth Wing.
Visiting hours: Israel Museum: Sun. Mon., Wed., Thurs. 10 a.m.-5 p.m.; Tues. 10 a.m.-6 p.m.; Fri. 10 a.m.-2 p.m.; Sat. 10 a.m.-2 p.m. Only certain temporary exhibitions open Saturday. Shrine of the Book, Billy Rose Art Garden: Sun. Mon., Wed., Thurs. 10 a.m.-6 p.m.; Tues. 10 a.m.-7 p.m.; Fri. 10 a.m.-2 p.m.; Sat. 10 a.m.-2 p.m. Rockefeller Museum: Sun. Mon., Wed., Thurs. 10 a.m.-5 p.m.; Tues. 10 a.m.-6 p.m.; Fri. 10 a.m.-2 p.m.; Sat. 10 a.m.-2 p.m. Tickets for Sat. and holidays must be purchased in advance at the Museum, Cahen or major Jerusalem hotels; in Tel Aviv at Haco, Hadren and Kafet.
GALLERIES
Galleria Vlasia Neuvells, Y. and B. Hamishe. Khulaf Hayotzer, original prints by contemporary European artists. Tel. 62-81984, 280031.
Tel Aviv
MUSEUMS
Tel Aviv Museum, 27 Sderot Shaul Hameteh. The Old of Peru; New Collection from the museum's collection of Israeli Art. Helena Rubinstein Pavilion, Rehov Tarsai: Yonah Chahin, photographs, Maria Bloch, Time Out.

aport caricatures. Visiting hours: Sun. Mon., Wed., Thurs. 10 a.m.-5 p.m.; Library 10 a.m.-4 p.m.; Tues. 10 a.m.-6 p.m.; Fri. 10 a.m.-2 p.m.; Sat. 10 a.m.-2 p.m. Ba'areiz Museum Tel Aviv
1) Museum Centre, Ramat Aviv: Ossa Museum: Ceramics Museum; Museum of Science and Technology; Museum of Ethnography and Folklore (Judea); Alphonse Museum: Nechushtan Pavilion — Tinnia Excavations; Tel Qasbi Excavations; Museum Library; Lasky Planetarium (Demonstrations daily, 10.11.12 p.m. Tuesdays also at 7.15 p.m. Sat. at 10.30, 11.00 a.m. and 12.30 p.m.)
2) Museum of Antiquities of Tel Aviv-Yafo (10 Rehov Mitrav Shlomo, Yafot) Museum of the History of Tel Aviv-Yafo 127 Rehov Bilik.
3) The Israel Theatre Museum, 18 Rehov Mitrav Shlomo.
All Museums open: Sun.-Thurs. 9 a.m.-4 p.m.; Fri. 9 a.m.-3 p.m.; Sat. 10 a.m.-2 p.m. On Saturdays a admission free except Planetarium. The Israel Theatre Museum: Sun.-Thurs. 9 a.m.-2 p.m.; Library: Sun.-Thurs. 9 a.m.-3 p.m.; Fri. 9 a.m.-1 p.m.
Ramat Gan
Beit Emanuel Municipal Museum, 18 Rehov Hiltat Zion. Oil paintings and drawings by Joseph Jacobson opening 7.30 p.m., Oct. 16. Visiting hours: 10 a.m.-12 noon; 4-7 p.m. Sat. 10 a.m.-1 p.m.
Netanya
Shehar Gallery: General Exhibition of local artists. Halfa-Natanya Road, 3 km. north of Netanya. Open daily from 8 a.m.-7 p.m.

DINING OUT

Jerusalem
CHEZ SIMON
Finest Continental Specialties
16 Rehov Shalom, Tel. 226002

HESSER'S RESTAURANT
Serving the finest food and spirits since 1907. Open Friday night and Saturday. For reservations Tel. 228893.

Tel Aviv
LA BAHONETTA
Sea-Food Restaurant, Saturdays from 7 p.m.
326 Rehov Dizengoff, Tel. 449405

MANDY'S DRUGSTORE
Steak and Brewburger
208 Rehov Dizengoff, Tel. 264304

MANDY'S SINGING
BAHDOO
Chinese Restaurant,
517 Rehov Hayarkon,
Tel. 466765, 449400

SAYONARA
Israel's only Japanese restaurant,
46 Rehov Yotaf, Jaffa, Tel. 254154.

THE HAPPY CASSEROLE
Continental Cuisine and Cocktail Lounge.
343 Rehov Dizengoff, Tel. 442360

Eilat
CHEZ HENRI
French Restaurant, formerly Robert. French cuisine, sea food and 3rd floor. All French specialties. Fully air-conditioned.
14 Yotaf Avenue, Eilat, Tel. 666-2264. Open 12-5 p.m. and 7 p.m.-1 a.m.

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Liliana occupied all offices of THE JERUSALEM POST and all recognized agencies.
RATES: 250 month (every Friday) — Headline (name, one line only) FREE. Each line (maximum 36 characters) IL108.00 (IL100 plus IL8 VAT) per month. Minimum two lines including name.

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ART GUIDE

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Israel Museum. Exhibitions: Otziolo Morandi, richly; Michael Gross — Outdoor and Indoor Works, 1974-77; Logo in the Israel Museum: Homage to Yitzhak Danziger; Ancient Art, The Norbert Schimmel Collection; Teatrarelli by Buch-minster Fuller and the Donkey and the Darling by Larry Rivers and Terry Southern — story-books containing lithographs; Our Pupils at Work, 1977. Youth Wing: Educational Exhibition on Mesopotamian Culture, Youth Wing; Simhat Tora Plays, Youth Wing.
Visiting hours: Israel Museum: Sun. Mon., Wed., Thurs. 10 a.m.-5 p.m.; Tues. 10 a.m.-6 p.m.; Fri. 10 a.m.-2 p.m.; Sat. 10 a.m.-2 p.m. Only certain temporary exhibitions open Saturday. Shrine of the Book, Billy Rose Art Garden: Sun. Mon., Wed., Thurs. 10 a.m.-6 p.m.; Tues. 10 a.m.-7 p.m.; Fri. 10 a.m.-2 p.m.; Sat. 10 a.m.-2 p.m. Rockefeller Museum: Sun. Mon., Wed., Thurs. 10 a.m.-5 p.m.; Tues. 10 a.m.-6 p.m.; Fri. 10 a.m.-2 p.m.; Sat. 10 a.m.-2 p.m. Tickets for Sat. and holidays must be purchased in advance at the Museum, Cahen or major Jerusalem hotels; in Tel Aviv at Haco, Hadren and Kafet.
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Tel Aviv Museum, 27 Sderot Shaul Hameteh. The Old of Peru; New Collection from the museum's collection of Israeli Art. Helena Rubinstein Pavilion, Rehov Tarsai: Yonah Chahin, photographs, Maria Bloch, Time Out.

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1) Museum Centre, Ramat Aviv: Ossa Museum: Ceramics Museum; Museum of Science and Technology; Museum of Ethnography and Folklore (Judea); Alphonse Museum: Nechushtan Pavilion — Tinnia Excavations; Tel Qasbi Excavations; Museum Library; Lasky Planetarium (Demonstrations daily, 10.11.12 p.m. Tuesdays also at 7.15 p.m. Sat. at 10.30, 11.00 a.m. and 12.30 p.m.)
2) Museum of Antiquities of Tel Aviv-Yafo (10 Rehov Mitrav Shlomo, Yafot) Museum of the History of Tel Aviv-Yafo 127 Rehov Bilik.
3) The Israel Theatre Museum, 18 Rehov Mitrav Shlomo.
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Ramat Gan
Beit Emanuel Municipal Museum, 18 Rehov Hiltat Zion. Oil paintings and drawings by Joseph Jacobson opening 7.30 p.m., Oct. 16. Visiting hours: 10 a.m.-12 noon; 4-7 p.m. Sat. 10 a.m.-1 p.m.
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Shehar Gallery: General Exhibition of local artists. Halfa-Natanya Road, 3 km. north of Netanya. Open daily from 8 a.m.-7 p.m.

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IT'S FOUR YEARS LATER...
WHAT DOES SHE REMEMBER?

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Habima
SATURDAY

YEMENITE filligree jewellery has been a highly popular tourist purchase for many years — along with Eilat stones, olive-wood crafts and all the rest.

In the eyes of the Israeli public, however, just because its image has become that of "souvenir" merchandise, it has never been considered particularly fashionable: you wouldn't catch your average Englishman wearing a Union Jack T-shirt, a Greek lady sporting a Mykonos hand-embroidered bag, or a Portuguese fisherman wearing what are widely sold in his country as "typical" fishermen's sweaters.

None the less, say Maskit, fashion trends in jewellery and accessories have definitely reverted to the ethnic look. In the past, Maskit attempted to transfer the stress in their jewellery ranges from traditional crafts to stream-lined, Scandinavian

Ethnic filligree

Catherine Rosenhelmer

abled in the Six Day War, Twitto, a deaf and dumb artist, and Shalom Sandia, whose speciality is hand-hammered bangles, pendants and chains.

Especially striking exhibits are the pieces that were produced by Maskit for the U.S. makers of the film *Moses* — spectacular items like an elaborate wild corn and gold wire choker necklace, priced at IL4,500, or a complete gold-plated head net with long side dangles, which is a complex combination of the traditional triangular Yemenite motif, with filligree work, linking chains and gold bangles, priced at IL4,300.

These, of course, are show-pieces, available only by special order; but there is also plenty to suit the average, and even the

most modest, pocket. For instance, there are lots of big rings and filligree dangle earrings.

SOME OF THE most popular items on show, and back in fashion in a big way, are decorative silver- and gold-plated hair pins and slides. The simplest pins start at IL25 and IL60, with gold-plated, coral-studded slides going for IL180.

A magnificent silver chain belt, with dangling small silver Eilat motifs — shaped like tiny round cauldrons — costs IL1,800. You can also buy the same motif used on a necklace, or as a single pendant on a fine silver chain, at IL350.

An interesting collection of necklaces is made from old pieces of translucent Roman glass set in silver. Many designs feature the tubular Yemenite *mazzuzot*, typically worn as jewellery

around the neck. They come in various sizes, often studded with cornellians, amethyst beads or chrysoprase stones. There are even little silver filligree boxes on chains which, if you are prepared to spend IL3,250, make highly elegant, albeit rather scanty, handbags.

Among the modern silver jewellery designs are bangles, to wear all day and every day, alone or combined, in nicely sculptured round or rectangular shapes by Maury Golan.

The exhibition is at Maskit's Tel Aviv shop and will be moving to Jerusalem next week. In the near future, an additional Maskit boutique concentrating on precious jewellery will be opening at the Laromme Hotel in Eilat.

The correct telephone number of Schmick Aganotes, which I wrote about last week, is 03-451840.

TEL AVIV

At the Dan Hotels, Where else? An offer for Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday.

Piano Bars The new Carmel Bar is open daily at the Dan Tel Aviv, with Juanita Smith, singer and pianist. Also open daily are the piano bars at The Dan Accadia, Harzlia, and The King David, Jerusalem.

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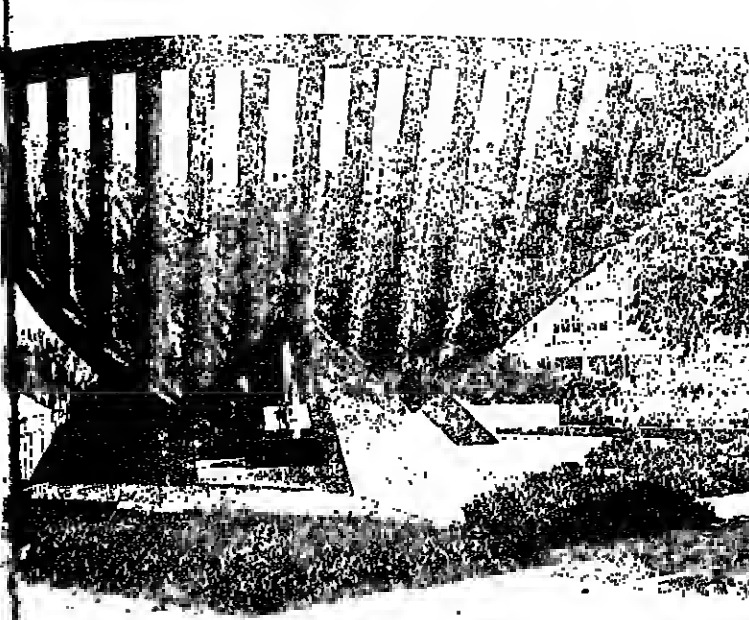
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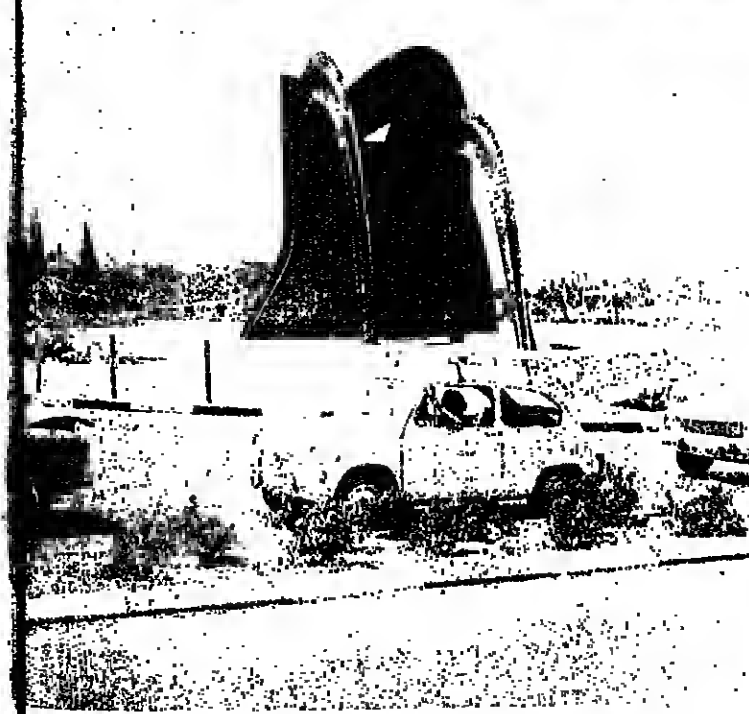
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IN THE OLD CITY OR IN THE NEW THE JERUSALEM POST



Two views of Tumarkin's Holocaust Memorial of Elkar Molohet Yisrael, lost inside a cluttered square dominated by the Tel Aviv Municipality.



Calder's stable near Mt. Herzl, meaningless when seen from the "end". (Right) Ilana Gool's "Woman in the Wind" with crumbling Rehov Hayarkon behind.

ling knotwork by one of the leading sculptors and painters, George Rieck, stands on a empty plot and is lost in a broken background of

Nevertheless, the Hebrew word for knotwork, *shema*, is a word of good omen. The Weizmann Institute campus, a lasting memorial to the aesthetic instincts of Chaim Weizmann and his wife, was the first here to succeed in providing surroundings of serene beauty. Its architectural achievements are modest and prodigious. Its public spaces are a failure. The dusty sculpture in the grounds and the murals in the

of the various laboratory spaces are now seen, after a year before resigning (to resume his involvement with the Venice Biennale and also as unpaid mentor and assistant to Dani Karavan). His departure was recently highlighted by the subsequent "Woman in the Wind" affair. This large expressionist bronze of no artistic merit but recognizable subject is considered by abstract artists as a step to a public outcast by Kadishman's three disc-

THE MAYORS of our three main cities have all had art advisers of one sort or another. Haifa's Shimon Knapel, a salaried executive with tenure, has had his post under three mayors, while Jerusalem's Ezer Weizman, a self-proclaimed promoter of his own "artistic realism," and despite a public criticism of both his taste and his ethics, he seems

doated to continue in his post forever.

Tel Aviv's art assistants have been sporadic. The Tel Aviv Foundation for public art, established by Yehoshua Rabinowitz, was for a time managed by painter Reuven Bernman, who was instrumental in having works by Kadishman and Danzigar matched by those of famous Americans like Noland and Segal. But Noland is famous as a painter; his easel sculpture in the Yarkon Park is lost on most people here. The Segal, cast live from Kadishman and his son masquerading as Abraham and Isaac, disappeared indoors and is now on loan to the Israel Museum.

Mayor Lahat engaged one-time Ha'aretz critic Amnon Barzel as art adviser, but he barely lasted a year before resigning (to resume his involvement with the Venice Biennale and also as unpaid mentor and assistant to Dani Karavan). His departure was recently highlighted by the subsequent "Woman in the Wind" affair. This large expressionist bronze of no artistic merit but recognizable subject is considered by abstract artists as a step to a public outcast by Kadishman's three disc-

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made and "donated" by Ilana Gool, a self-taught artist who studied jewellery at the Bezalel in the 1960s before leaving the school to marry a wealthy Californian. Domiciled in Los Angeles, but with an apartment in Bat Yam, this forceful woman told me over the telephone that she spent IL60,000 of her own money building this work, but that the Tel Aviv Municipality "provided" an additional IL150,000 to have it cast in Nativna and transported to its site. From the point of view of an aspiring public sculptor, her investment was no doubt worthwhile.

Gool's "Woman" provoked letters to the press from agonized taxpayers. Mayor Lahat, who says he gets daily compliments from other citizens about the sculpture, states flatly that it was approved by Barzel before he left his post as adviser. Barzel admits to being shown photographs of a maquette but denies having anything to do with the decision to approve or pay for the work. Gool told me that Barzel was enthusiastic about the sculpture but stopped calling on her later and withdrew his support.

THINGS ARE different — and infinitely better — in Jerusalem where public sculpture projects are generated by the Mayor and his art adviser. The projects are approved by a committee of city officials, museum curators, and university art historians and financed with donations from

abroad to the Jerusalem Foundation set up by Mayor Kollek. Murals, sculptures and fountains of very varied value are also set up in Jerusalem schools, with one per cent of building construction funds apportioned by law from the education budget; these latter works are made solely by Jerusalem artists, selected by a committee of their peers, municipal officials and the director of the Israel Museum's Youth Wing.

Kollik, the moving spirit behind the founding and development of the Israel Museum, has a lively interest in the arts; he is chairman of the Museum's Board of Governors and a convivial and knowledgeable host to countless international art world celebrities — collectors, artists, art dealers. But he also listens to his advisers, whom he insists be made curators or staff members on the Israel Museum payroll, so that they become part of the Museum team and not a group at odds with it.

Kollik's taste is broad enough, perhaps too broad: it was he who spotted Gool's "Mother and Child" at a show in Los Angeles, and suggested it to Yad Vashem, whose directors approved it; some \$5,000 was obtained from the Jerusalem Education Fund to bring this non-work bare.

One of Kollik's most astute moves, however, was securing the appointment of Dr. Martin Weyl as Curator of Sculpture at the

Israel Museum and an Art Adviser to the Municipality. Weyl, now Chief Curator, set out guidelines that are still in force and were followed by his successor, Mure Shaps (the latter is now Director of the Tel Aviv Museum); the post of Adviser to the Jerusalem Municipality is currently vacant, but is to be filled soon.

In a paper written some years ago entitled "Urban Sculpture in Jerusalem," Weyl begins by acknowledging the bewilderment of the layman at the astonishingly rapid succession of new art styles and vogues. He points out that most sculptures created today rarely enhance an environment or interact as architectural entities. Nor do these works have a social function, such as offering play, or inducing wonder or awe. Nor do they offer an outlet for aggression, or protect the public from the elements.

Weyl's first step was to stem the tide of memorials to war dead that sprung up all over the city after the Six Day War, mostly under pressure from bereaved parents, or from the sculptors themselves (several Tumarkins have survived from this period of *hissas faire*). The focus hence Ammunition Hill, where Sorel Etrog's piece was surrounded by benches and aandboxes for children. Anything to do with the Holocaust was confined to Yad Vashem.

Play sculptures were introduced, like Buffano's cat and Robert Engman's abstract sphere in Independence Park. The Museum staff thought up the Kiryat Yovel "Monster" and got the Jerusalem Foundation to finance it, the work being carried out by the Municipality's own Beautification Department (which is headed by Nohemia Oz, chairman of the Public Sculpture Committee). Mathias Goeritz, a sculptor from Mexico who serves on the Museum's Board of Governors was invited to construct a maze and playgrounds in East Talpiot; planning is under way. Shmuel Bar Even, a Jerusalem sculptor was given a number of enormous stones, dropped off in Katamon, out of which he is carving animals for children to climb on.

Kollek, Weyl and Shaps decided that if Jerusalem was going to have abstract pieces, it ought to have the best. The elegant Arp in the Sherman Park was a fine start, but the Calder and its stiling resulted from having to defer to the wishes of an aging, tough-minded genius of international fame who never really had the time to get to know the city. Zurie's Max Bill has also agreed to do a work overlooking the Wadi Hinnom park, but I suspect its underlying conceptual aspects will be lost on the general public.

Clearly, the safest rule of thumb for all our municipalities to adopt, in to attest to promoting works of social function and to steer clear of sculptors seeking to further their careers and to erect monuments to their own egos. The place for experimental modern sculpture is not in the midst of our urban pathways but in defined, suitable — and guarded — areas, to which the interested public will be attracted for both recreational and cultural reasons. Tel Aviv's Yarkon Park, which currently houses a large work by Danzigar, in addition to the Kamath Noland, would be a fine site. Kadishman's three discs would look better there. In any case, any municipality accepting a sculpture from any source should retain the right to move it to alternative sites.

Israel's richest sculpture garden (Continued on page 18)

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ONE HUNDRED YEARS in a grain of sand in the bourgeois of Jerusalem's history. Yet the 10th century represented a dynamic juncture in the development of the nation's centre, and during this crucial period its destiny was actually determined. This is the gist of *A City Reflected in Its Times*, an important and authoritative book by the geographer-historian who has made a career of this absorbing subject.

At the beginning of the last century Jerusalem as portrayed by Ben-Arieh was a desolate, decrepit little provincial town, dirty, neglected, unimportant politically, but which happened to have religious sentiments for the world's three major religions. "There is certainly no city in the world (and) will sooner wish to leave than Jerusalem," wrote the English artist Bartlett in 1842. "Nothing can be more void of interest than her gloomy, half-ruinous streets and poverty-stricken houses which, except at the period of the pilgrimage at Easter, present no sign of life or study of character to the observer."

Large sections of the city inside the walls were empty plots sprouting ruins, e.g. the northeast corner (across from the Rockefeller Museum), the Muristan section in the heart of the Christian Quarter, the whole area between Zion and Dung Gates. All these areas, however, were built up during the mid and late 1800's (except for the northeast section still used for agricultural plots and settled by Arab gypsies).

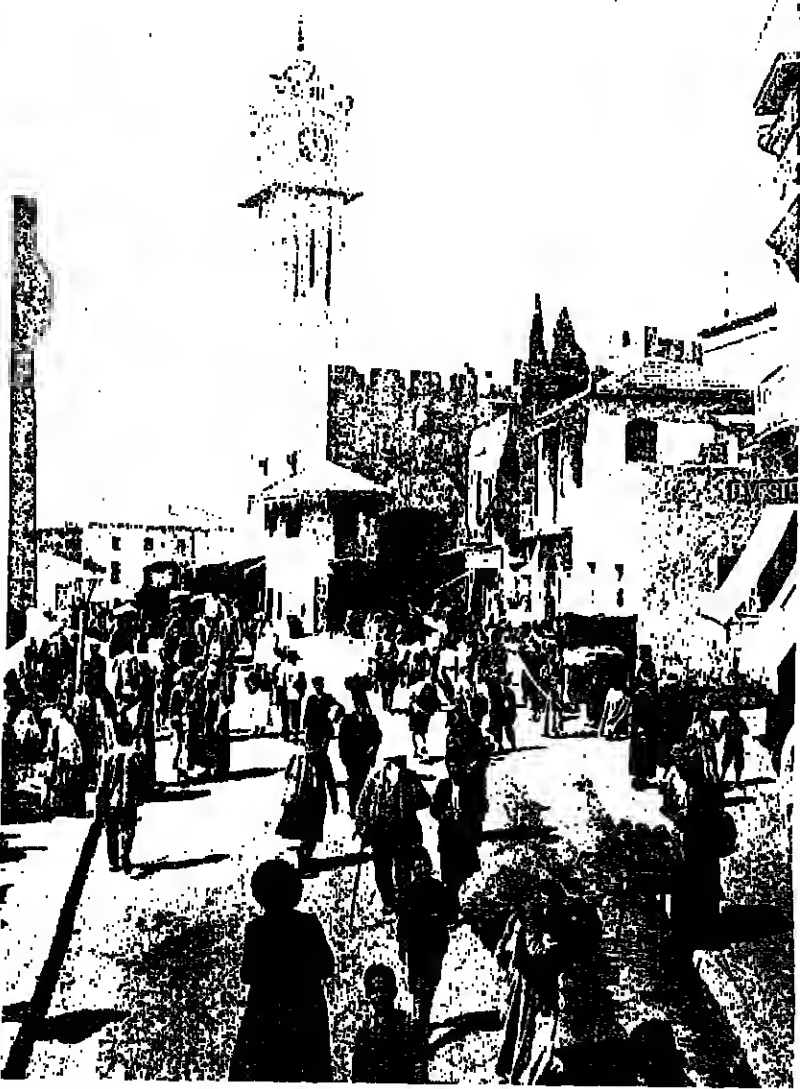
At the beginning of the previous century, not all the present city gates were in use, and those that were, were locked at sundown (or during mid-day prayers on Friday). Jaffa Gate, the commercial centre of the town, was left open all night only after 1871.

During the rainy season the desolation of Zion was particularly poignant. The muddy thoroughfares were sometimes inaccessible to camel and rider. Only donkeys could pass through. The poorly constructed houses were built without foundations on the roofs of previous hovels. The worst housing conditions prevailed in the Jewish Quarter where poverty, undernourishment and unhygienic conditions explained the high mortality rate.

The city had no drainage system, no garbage disposal, unsanitary housing conditions and a permanent lack of fresh water. Most people drank from private cisterns and when these ran dry as in the late summer or in times of drought, the ancient aqueducts were sometimes reactivated or the inadequate reservoirs such as the ponds of the Sultan, Hozsklah or Birkat Yisrael (now no longer in existence) were used.

IN THE MIDDLE of the 18th century, the city suddenly began to wake up. A steady population growth from the beginning of the century suddenly turned into a tidal wave of immigration, especially by Jews. By 1870, for example, this small and insignificant community of barely 2,000 souls became the city's predominant sector numbering 11,000. The Jewish population continued to grow at this same pace and by conservative estimates numbered 45,000 out of a city-wide census of 90,000 by the end of the century. Moreover, Jerusalem became a district city with autonomous local officials, European technology, culture and standards of living made in-

A city awakens



The scene inside Jaffa Gate at the turn of the century.

IR B'BEI TEKUFAT עיר במאות השנים (A City Reflected in Its Times: Jerusalem in the Nineteenth Century) by Prof. Yehoshua Ben-Arieh. Yad Izhak Ben-Svi Publications, Jerusalem. 448 pp., IL120.

Leah Abramowitz

roads. Ben-Arieh continually refers to the crucial political events which led to these changes:

1. The Egyptian conquest (1831-39) by Muhammad Ali and his son Ibrahim.
2. The reforms and political rights gained by the European powers in exchange for their assistance in deposing the Egyptians.
3. The Crimean War in 1856, after which further clout was granted to the Europeans in the person of their representatives, the consuls. "In Jerusalem King Consul rules supreme," wrote one English observer.

Thus for the first time non-Muslims enjoyed civil liberties, religious freedom and could build houses of prayer, own property, visit the Temple Mount or serve in the Turkish army should they so desire.

With the advent of the steamboat, economic conditions improved greatly and the tourist trade flourished to such an extent that at Easter and Christmas, carved crosses, rosaries and other religious articles had to be imported from Vanloo to supply the pilgrims.

Ben-Arieh lists in detail the monumental enterprises and trades engaged in by

Crimean War, the injunction against ascending the Temple Mount was removed, early visitors had to hire special guards to protect them from the fanatic Moslem superintendents of the holy site who were reportedly ready to kill any infidel found thereon, political considerations notwithstanding. Jews, at any rate, did not enter the area for fear of defiling the site of the Holy of Holies.

TREMENDOUS archaeological discoveries in and around the Temple Mount, especially by the British Palestine Exploration Society, were made during these years, despite the real opposition and interference of the religious authorities. Solomon's Stables, the underground water cisterns and aqueducts, the Double and Triple Temple Gates, Wilson's Arch and Robinson's Arch were all explored in the mid-1800's.

The dogmatism of the Moslem population had its match among the Christians. Traditionally the Greek Orthodox community was the largest and the Armenian the oldest. As the European governments gradually spread their power and influence in the Holy Land, they encouraged the penetration of their traditional sects — not always for religious reasons. France saw itself responsible for the Latin Catholic Church, Germany sponsored the Lutherans, England and Prussia shared the Protestant Bishopric (until 1887) and the Russians were anxious to see the Russian Orthodox Church grow. Intense internal religious rivalry resulted and every attempt to make renovations in a holy site, add a candle or change a wall was seen as an abrogation of the status quo and reason enough for an international howl.

The Jews and the city of Jerusalem, in the main, gained from the competition, for every sect tried to increase its "sphere of influence" by protecting the "poor Jews" or building new institutions — clinics, printing presses, hostels and schools. Money flowed in from church groups abroad and the Christian residents were as economically dependent on foreign currency as were the *Hakkkah* recipients of the Jewish Quarter.

The greatest missionary efforts were conducted by the Protestants. The London Society for the Perpetuation of Christianity among the Jews believed that the Second Coming of the Messiah would be realized only when all the Jews lived in their own land. They therefore sponsored work shops, vocational schools, special Hebrew services and a mission hospital close to the Jewish Quarter, headed by an English doctor who was a converted Jew. The first Protestant Bishop of Jerusalem was also a converted Jew, but he and his co-workers had little success with the Jewish population (the good Bishop was even stoned when he tried to preach in the middle of the main Jewish street). Gradually the Protestants turned their efforts to other Christian sects and to the Moslem community.

THE PREDOMINANT Jewish sect at the beginning of the century was the Sephardi and its leader, the Haham Baah, was recognized as the official Jewish representative and ecclesiastical authority. As the Ashkenazi community grew, the Haham Baah's power was sometimes exploited and certainly resented. By the mid-1800's the Ashkenazi group

monoged to break away and set up its own chief rabbinate. Between 1850 and 1870 the two Jewish communities fragmented into smaller numerous *Kollels*. The North Africans, the Georgians and the Yemenites broke off from the Sephardim and the Hasidim and Perushim split the Ashkenazi camp until these two also broke into splinter groups, generally according to lands of origin.

The fragmentation was usually due to economic misunderstandings (sources and distribution of *Hakkkah* monies), social differences, religious nuances and deficiency of honoured communal positions.

By 1868 it was already necessary to establish a central coordinating committee between the *Kollels*, initiated by Yosef Rivlin, a meek personality in the latter half of the 19th century. By that time there were already 19 Jewish "sects" (and more to come — 45 at the peak), much more than the Christian neighbours ever produced, even counting the Copts, the Ethiopians and the Syrian Eastern Latin Catholics.

The rabbinate had considerable judicial powers and the official right to see their decisions effected. Thus the house of the first main Ashkenazi rabbi, Yishayahu Bardaki, came supplied with a jail cell, and in the Hurva Synagogue's courtyard stood iron shackles for public display of miscreants.

However the chief means of keeping congregants in line during the previous century remained manipulating a man's *Hakkkah* income or in extreme cases, putting one in *Herem* (excommunication). Both means were overused by the authorities in their war against secular education.

THE JEWISH QUARTER, while the smallest of the four neighbourhoods in Jerusalem, was the most crowded. Barclay in 1857 reported that half of the city's population lived in its confines. Gradually the Jewish population began expanding westward into the Armenian Quarter and northward into the Moslem section. Ben-Arieh claims Jews never settled in the Christian Quarter because of "strained relationships," but personal witnesses and the *measured* on Christian Street doorstep would say otherwise.

The evolution to the voluminous growth of the Jewish population was found only in the 1870's when the inhibitions to settlement outside the walls were finally overcome. To that part of Jerusalem history Ben-Arieh devotes an entire section of his work.

A City Reflected in Its Times is a monumental book of value to scholars and laymen alike. Written in easy, concise Hebrew, the author documents every statement with references from travelogues, scientific reports and diaries of 19th century. There are 125 illustrations and innumerable maps. Here and there one finds a scholarly preference for foreign sources rather than local, homey reports, but nowhere is this momentous reference book wordy, dry or heavy. Rather, its massive attention to details, its comprehensive survey of every aspect of life in 19th century Jerusalem, and its clear organization of the vast material into concise, logical chapters is to be admired. The reader will gain great benefit and many hours of reading pleasure from this work. □

Thespian and stellar portraits

LAURENCE OLIVIER by John Cottrell. London, Coronet Books-Hodder and Stoughton, 425pp. £1.50.

WIDE-EYED IN BABYLON by Ray Milland. London, Coronet Books-Hodder and Stoughton, 261pp. 95p.

MARLENE DIETRICH by Sheridan Morley. New York, McGraw-Hill. 118 pp. \$5.95.

Lynn Sharon

ATHEIST SEYLER, who awarded Sir Laurence Olivier his first diploma for acting, observed: "I've been trying to think about him in relation to the stage, wondering what it is that keeps him apart from everybody else of his generation. It's kind of a quality of his heart and mind that are on a big scale. He's a universal person. He's got a method of making contact with everything in life."

Hyperbole? Not when it comes to describing Olivier — generally considered the greatest living actor of the English stage. Who else but an actor of Olivier's stature would suggest the words HE'S FUNNY as a suitable epithet for himself. He once observed that "It's the most wonderful thing in the world to make people laugh." Odd that Olivier, known for his "majesty" rather than his mirth, should see himself as a clown. The fact is that Olivier has had few opportunities to make people laugh. His biographer notes that, "It has been his fate to spend the greater part of his career playing soldiers, warriors and kings. His developed powers, as a theatrical demigod able to conjure up the menace of distant thunder... overshadowed his instinctive gifts as a clown."

Laurence Olivier is not a Johnny-come-lately method actor who grabbed the golden ring on the carousel to stardom. A consummate artist, he sweated out his apprenticeship, although his star quality was already apparent when he first trod the boards at age 11. An elementary school friend, and an actor in his own right, Laurence Naameth, recalls Olivier at the All Saints Choir school:

"He was a natural actor. Even as a boy he had great presence. He was not altogether a nice boy, or at least so I thought then; a bit of a bully. Yet he did have this commanding presence."

There is no doubt that this "commanding presence" got him the part of Brutus in the All Saints Choir school amateur production of *Julius Caesar*. The following year he played Maria in *Twelfth Night*, and in his last play at All Saints he won accolades from audience and performers alike for his spirited portrayal of the tempestuous Katherine in *The Taming of the Shrew*.

WITH SUCH AN AUSPICIOUS beginning it was little wonder that his fire and brimstone clergyman father encouraged Olivier to pursue an acting career. Olivier enrolled in the Central School of Speech Training and Dramatic Art in London and upon graduation began his career in earnest with the Birmingham Repertory Theatre Company. After the normal ups and downs he began winning critical notice, although not always critical acclaim. In fact, Ivor Brown, one of the early critics, complained that Olivier would clip his speech and throw away the last words of a sentence.

"It was a continual strain to hear him," he wrote. And the distinguished critic James Agate once observed that "It's the most wonderful thing in the world to make people laugh." Odd that Olivier, known for his "majesty" rather than his mirth, should see himself as a clown. The fact is that Olivier has had few opportunities to make people laugh. His biographer notes that, "It has been his fate to spend the greater part of his career playing soldiers, warriors and kings. His developed powers, as a theatrical demigod able to conjure up the menace of distant thunder... overshadowed his instinctive gifts as a clown."

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Ionic ailments

HEALTH, WEATHER AND CLIMATE by Felix Gad Sulman. London, New York, S. Karger. 159 pp. \$10.

Philip Gillon

PROFESSOR Felix Gad Sulman introduces us to bioclimatology, a vast new field of medical knowledge about the effects of climate on health, by quoting Charles Dudley Warner's observation: "Everybody talks about the weather, but nobody does anything about it." The bioclimatologists believe that something can and should be done about the weather, particularly to help sufferers from ailments due

to climatic conditions. As professor of applied pharmacology at the Hebrew University's School of Pharmacy, Professor Sulman began working many years ago on the effects of the *sharav* on born Israelis, veteran settlers, new immigrants and tourists. Since then, he and other research workers have gone a long way towards ascertaining how weather of all types affects physical well-being. His book, brightly and elegantly written so as to appeal to laymen as well as to meteorologists and physicians, reviews all the current knowledge of how the air we breathe may induce physiological changes. The atmosphere contains a large number of electrically



The dazzling Dietrich of her bewitching best.

simple thought... If you do it right, you can do anything. And if he hadn't said that, I think I wouldn't have done *Henry V* five years later."

It was Olivier the actor, director and producer, with his co-director Sir Ralph Richardson, who helped rebuild the Old Vic Theatre Company after World War II. For six years they directed that company in some of its greatest productions.

Olivier was knighted in 1948, and in 1952 he became the director of the new London-based National Theatre Company. In 1970 he was created a baron, the first member of his profession to be awarded a life peerage.

AT THE BEGINNING of this definitive biography, Cottrell warns us that his book is neither a gossip probe nor an intellectual appraisal, and he is right on both counts. What Cottrell has created is a lofty and majestic monument to Sir Laurence Olivier, a book of heroic dimension, chiseled in marble and granite — a book of grandeur, a paean of lyrical praise, a pan-

egyric of *ehmattz*. Deserving as Sir Laurence may be, interminable adulation is tiresome and has its limits. Although the book comes complete with index, bibliography, sources, chronology and eight pages of illustrations, it lacks "quality of mind and heart that are on a big scale."

In contrast to Cottrell's pedantic and sycophantic biography, Milland's autobiography is a gay inconsequential romp. Even though Milland has appeared in over 200 films and received an Oscar for his role of a compulsive alcoholic in *The Lost Weekend*, it is refreshing and somewhat remarkable that he makes no pretence at being a great actor. In fact he confesses that at the start of his career he "was definitely an opportunist for whom the profession was but a means to an end," the end being money.

Born Reginald Albert John Truacott-Jones from the village Cyma above the town of Naath in Wales, he spent much of his youth on his aunt's stud farm. His acquaintance with horses led him to join the Household Cavalry. It was during his stint that he met his

first actress, and overwhelmed by this encounter he ultimately gave up horses for the stage.

MILLAND IS BEST when he shares his pungent opinions with us — lashing out at what he considers to be the no-nonsense posing as artists in today's cinema: "... those bogus talents much given to excess make-up and hired adornment and weird infirmities... the turd-kickers and the much mecho types... Now we are being inflicted with expressionless faces, grunts, loose mouths and tight pants. And the female stars? Eeh! You see them in supermarkets, usually in curlers... looking as if they dressed out of a Good Will truck. Their cry is that they are being honest, being real, like the girl next door... But their honesty stops when they forget to mention that they're earning a couple of hundred thousand a year... Can't they realize that most movie-goers are sick to death of the dingy exposit who lives next door and the hairy oaf who's screwing her? They don't want to go to the movies to see their own drab lives depicted over and over again. They go with the hope of being transported by high adventure, by humour and romantic fantasy, to see recreations of another, almost unattainable world, not stained bed-sheets and moaning self-pity mouthed by inarticulate louts. They want standards to live by, old ones, preferably, because they are sick to death of the overgrown cesspool that is confronting them."

A bit teaty at times, often cynical, Milland nevertheless is a clever raconteur who can take a trifling story and give it a salty twist — just the right touch needed to give you a good belly laugh.

AS FOR MORLEY'S biography of the dazzling Dietrich — the Dietrich who conjures up Milland's vision of unattainable glamour, the less said the better, since this is nothing more than a sleek, glossy pedestrian production with some good photos in a graphically tasteless setting. More's the pity since most of us would like to know more about the siren who captured the imagination of two generations of men who saw in her the supreme enchantress — that exotic, exciting, bewitching temptress who gave substance to their fantasies. Marlene Dietrich deserves more than this fluff of insipid nonsense posing as a biography. Morley gives us a dab of the past, a glob of the present, no insights, no discovery — just a forgettable photo album with long captions masquerading as text. □

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Agnon revealed

THE YEMINITE GIRL by Curt
Leviant. Boston, Bobbs-Merrill.
\$8.95.

Howard Schwartz

IN ADDITION to creating
characters that live on the page,
most authors feel compelled to
create a persona of their own, a
mask not unlike that worn by their
characters. In the brief story
"Borges and I," Jorge Luis
Borges complains that "the other
one," the author Borges, who is
also himself, shares his
preferences for Stevenson's prose
and 18th-century typography,
"but in a vain way that converts
them into the attributes of an ac-
tor." And he ends the story with
the confession that "I do not know
which of us two is writing this
page."

When we think of Franz Kafka
we think of a repressed man
trepped behind his desk at the in-
surance office or cowering in his
father's shadow; when we think of
Dostoevsky we see him gambling
his money away and then begging
his wife Anne for forgiveness; and
when we think of Hemingway we
call to mind his flirtations with
war and big-game hunting.

But when we think of S.Y.
Agnon, one of this century's
greatest Hebrew writers of fic-
tion, we think of a modest, serious
man whose comment on hearing
that he had won the Nobel Prize
was: "And will my wife now put
more parsley in my tea?" For the

person that Agnon projected was
that of a devout, observant Jew
who steeped himself in the sacred
writings. He liked to give the im-
pression that his stories and
novels, despite their surreal
aspects, were a logical extension
of the Talmudic and Midrashic
writings, and he strongly resisted
the notion that more recent
writers had influenced his style.
In particular, he stoutly denied
that Kafka's writings had had a
seminal influence on his own, and
went as far as to claim that he had
not even read Kafka.

Now Curt Leviant, who is more
than familiar with the details of
Agnon's life and works, and has
obviously spent some time in
Israel, has written *The Yeminite
Girl*, a novel in which Agnon —
thinly disguised as Yehiel Bar-
Nun — is a central character.
Carrying the anecdote about
Agnon and Kafka a little further,
Leviant has Bar-Nun reply to the
question of Kafka's influence by
saying, "Not only have I not read
him, I have never even heard of
him."

THIS CLEVER, harassed reply
characterizes the Agnon, stripped
of his carefully prepared persona,
that Leviant presents to us. This
Agnon is a far more complex
figure than the kindly old man
most readers conjure up; he is not
only a devout Jew-immersed in his
art and tradition, but also a cagey,
willful person determined to
preserve both his privacy and re-
putation. To this end he

shamefully manipulates those
closest to him, especially Ezra
Shulitsh, a translator and minor
writer who idolizes him and has
written a book about him.

Shulitsh shares the stage with
Agnon in Leviant's book, im-
itating his mannerisms and seek-
ing a part of the fame and pro-
mote of immortality surround-
ing the great writer. So far does
he carry his obsession that he falls
in love with a character in one of
Bar-Nun's stories, the Yeminite
girl from the story of the same title.
Shulitsh believes he can
satisfy his passion by having the
old author tape-record the story
for him, and he seeks to embrace
the beautiful girl in real life, finally
identifying her with the young
maid of his friend Guttman.

It is at this point that *The
Yeminite Girl* admirably erases
the boundary between fiction and
fact. Since Bar-Nun is obviously
Agnon (the book does not even in-
clude the standard disclaimer
about resemblances being "strictly
coincidental"), his fictional
nemesis, Shulitsh, struts at the
boundary of fiction to emerge
from the page as a figure equally
real.

Ironically, in the novel Shulitsh
achieves his ambition for a sort
of immortality in an unex-
pected way, becoming the central
character in Bar-Nun's last story.
But at this point the mirror
reflecting mirrors can only cause
the dizzy reader to reel, and for the
coup de grace the novel has
appended to it a complete reprint
of Bar-Nun's fictional story (the
phrase is not as redundant as it
may seem), "The Yeminite Girl,"
translated from the Hebrew by
who else? — Ezra Shulitsh.



Zohara Har'el and Shimon Bar, star in "And the Crooked Shall Be Made Level."

Homeless wanderer

THERE WERE many towns in
eastern Europe where Jewish pi-
ety and learning flourished, and
Buczacz was not the most impor-
tant among them. But it was there
that Shmuel Yosef Czaczkes —
later, 1965 Nobel Literature Prize
winner S.Y. Agnon — was born,
and he made his hometown the
scene of some of his stories.

And *The Crooked Shall Be Made
Level*, Agnon's earliest major
story, takes place in that fabled
town. The story, first published in
1916 (some marvels at the fact that
Agnon was then only 24 years old),
has long tempted our stage direc-
tors with its theatrical poten-
tialities. It has finally reached the
stage, at the Cameri, adapted and
directed by Yoram Falk.

It pains me to state that the
show is a theatrical failure and a
travesty of a masterpiece of
literature.

And *The Crooked Shall Be
Made Level* is an immensely
sophisticated story under its guise
of a traditional religious tale
about a just man who sinned and
later repented his sins. Menashe
Halm is a complex personality,
and the meaning of his end life
transcends the events told in the
tale.

In a language Agnon himself
fashioned, a Hebrew in which
Biblical, Mishnaic and Hassidic
forms freely mix with stylistic
borrowings from Yiddish, Agnon
tells the story of a Hassid who
spends his days studying while his
good wife tends the grocery, hap-
py to be able to serve a man of
such piety and learning. When the
business fails and the two find
themselves starving, the wife
suggests that he go to neighbour-
ing villages to collect money from
good Jews so as to re-establish
himself in business.

Menashe Halm sets out on his
wanderings armed with a letter
from the town rabbi, who
recommends him as a man of
good deeds and an scholar. The
venture is not a success: the peo-
ple are not generous, and the pen-
sion he collects are barely suf-

THEATRE Mendel Kohansky

ficient to keep him alive on the
road.

In the course of his wanderings
he forgets his wife and stops send-
ing her money. Then he meets
another beggar who offers to buy
his letter of recommendation. By
then Menashe has so deteriorated
morally that he accepts the offer.
He takes the money and goes to
the big town, where he expects to
make a successful business deal.
Instead, he squanders what he
has on food and drink, and finds
himself penniless in the street,
even his *tsittin* gone.

But this is not the end of his mis-
fortunes. The beggar who bought
the letter of recommendation gets
drunk to celebrate the deal, as a
result of which he drops dead. The
townspeople find the letter on his
body and mistakenly identify him
as Menashe Halm. Word is sent to
Buczacz that Menashe Halm is
dead, and the rabbi declares his
wife a widow.

When the wanderer returns,
tired of his futile travels, his wife
is already married to another
man and has a son. Having lost his
identity even in the literal sense,
he is horrified at the thought that his
own sins have caused his wife to
enter an adulterous marriage and
give birth to a *mamzer*. Menashe
Halm chooses to disappear. And
thus, by deciding to remain a
homeless wanderer for life, he
finally acquires an identity of his
own.

Under its naive, pious surface,
*And the Crooked Shall Be Made
Level* is suffused with a subtle
and irony, the hallmark of most
Agnon's work. The traditional
way of life of Buczacz has already
lost much of its meaning, the piety
no longer genuine. The hero,
who devotes all his time to study-
ing, is actually a weakling who
cannot face the harsh realities of
life and uses the Tora as an es-
cape. Once he finds himself on his

own, though dependent on the
charity of others, he abandons
himself to the pleasures of the
flesh. The townspeople, who pre-
tend to live by the precepts of the
Tora, show little charity for the
needy. Even the rabbi, the
famous, learned Rebbi of Buc-
zacz, makes the fatal mistake of
declaring a man dead without suf-
ficient proof, thus causing the
woman to commit the sin of
adultery. The times are out of
joint, a way of life in the process
of decay, with only the surface
seemingly unchanged.

To look for all those meanings in
the Cameri production is like try-
ing to find the deeper meaning of
life in a comic strip. Adapter-
director Yoram Falk undertook a
task clearly beyond his powers.
There is no clear concept, no focal
point in the show, which lingers
from scene to scene. The accent
seems to be on the folkloric. The
townspeople find the letter on his
body and mistakenly identify him
as Menashe Halm. Word is sent to
Buczacz that Menashe Halm is
dead, and the rabbi declares his
wife a widow.

The music, by Yossi Mar-Haim
intrudes on the action instead of
helping a part of it, and there is
some heart-rending singing (not
bad as singing goes, by Livia
Hachmon and Albert Cohen),
which bursts on the audience for
no good purpose. The set by
Miriam Guritzky, a totem pole of
crooked little *shul*-houses, is
fairly acceptable. However, I
what a terrible failure his life has
been. Zohara Har'el in the role
of his wife is not given the oppor-
tunity to put her talent to good
use. Avraham Hali supplies the
only moment of humour as he
thief at his rabbi's advice. □



Papillon 77

Triumph
INTERNATIONAL

The Young Look from

Triumph
INTERNATIONAL

Embassy of the Federal Republic of Germany
will present Giselaf Gründgens' memorable
colour film version of J.W. Goethe's

FAUST

performed by the Deutschen Schauspielhaus in Hamburg,
starring Will Quadflieg, Gustaf Gründgens and Elisabeth
Flechterschildt

JERUSALEM — BEIT AGRON

Wednesday, October 19, 1977 at 5.30 p.m. and 8.00 p.m.
Tickets at the price of IL2 — available at Cahane,
1 Rehov Herbert Samuel.



Nature Reserves Authority

announces

that as from October 16, 1977

the following parks will be open to the public
from 8 a.m. to 4 p.m.

The gates will close at 3.30 p.m.

Tel Dan, Hatanur, Ein Fesh'ha, Ein Gedi

Armchair heroics

THE LONG SILENCE by Allen
White. New York, Mason/
Charter. 188 pp. \$7.95.

Robert D. Kaplan

THE PLOT is captivating, even if
the characters aren't. The writing
at times is eloquent, if not always
clear. The themes are subtle,
though the clues strike like a
bludgeon. The upshot is contradic-
tory — an armchair war novel
that is better written than most,
yet drags in spots precisely
because of the writing.

Mr. White, it appears, has mis-
used his own talents. The tension
of a parachute-landing in enemy
territory is sabotaged by an ex-
tended description of the wildlife
and vegetation in the area,
written with an aplomb
demonstrating a mastery of the

landscape. This is all the more
vexing because you find yourself
skimming over it to find out the
fate of the commandos. In other
parts of the book, the props of a
scene are laid out in well-executed
detail. But, rather than adding
depth to the story, the depictions
only slow it down.

When the clipped, dramatic
prose does come, it sounds a bit
timeworn. For instance: "I was
still trying to prove that I was as
brave, as tough, as ruthless, as
manly as the next one. And, above
all, that I wasn't quaser."

MORE IMPORTANT than the ex-
citement of the plot is its credibil-
ity. A group of five crack British
commandos is dropped into a
small town in Vichy France to
destroy a railway shunting-station
and to kill three people. One is a
Gestapo officer, the typical over-
weight, over-zealous and slightly

dull-witted Nezi; the second is
another Gestapo man elevated
from the entire war effort and pre-
occupied only with his own psy-
chological survival; the third, a
local Frenchwoman who runs the
station's switching-system and di-
vides her passions between that
and the second Gestapo man.

Some of the themes are in-
teresting. For example, the com-
mando leader's desire to prove his
masculinity is partly undermined
by another commando's affection
for him. The budding romance
between the Frenchwoman and the
German soldier offers a valid
argument for placing real, per-
sonal considerations above
abstract, nationalistic ones, which
are harder to realize.

All this would be more laudable
if only it were well done. Unfor-
tunately, the only success is the
plot. And because this is im-
mediately sensed by the reader,
everything else the author is try-
ing to do has the effect of just get-
ting in the way of a good yarn,
rather than providing the
necessary trimmings for it. □

Wizard prang

KG200: THE FORCE WITH NO
FACE by J.D. Gilman and John
Clive. London, Souvenir Press, 288
pp. 25.95.

a true-life war mystery and
decided to write a fictional
suspense story.

Well and good — but for anyone
not intensely interested in which
repetitious jargon becomes
tedious — such as he "strapped
himself quickly into his seat in the
ME-109 G, and closed the
canopy"... and then the engine
"stuttered, coughed, roared.
Smoke belched from the air ex-
hausts." Get it?

Because one of the authors is a
film actor, it seems the whole
thing has been constructed like

movie frames, with dialogue to
match. We switch from one
"location" to another as if we were
a camera. We overhear dialogue
like this: "I got a hell of a rocket
from Andy Shavlin this morning."

Some pleasure is available from
learning new words — such as
"toggles" — but these are
probably known to aero-addicts.
One chapter, however, is
something else. It tells of a Jewess
in a Nazi labour camp. To avenge
the way she and her mother have
suffered, she omits a small item in
a bomb assembly. This later
saves the British War Cabinet
when the dud falls directly on
their hideout. The conditions of
work and death in the camp are
terribly described and make the
book worth reading. □

Dora Sowden

מכאן אל האל

"GO READ Jabotinsky," the Prime Minister's personal secretary, Yehiel Kadishai, is said to have advised a foreign journalist not long ago when the visitor asked to learn something about Mr. Begin's views.

Oddly enough, I had just finished doing exactly that when I learned about this suggestion, and it now strikes me as quite dangerous to Mr. Kadishai's aims. Counter-productive, as they say; possibly even likely to make the casual reader feel it is a pity that Mr. Begin is not Jabotinsky's "spiritual heir." The two men came from such different worlds — though most of us barely know this — that Mr. Begin's repeated filial references to "Ari'el, morena, rabenu" (our spiritual father) can appear to the belated reader of Jabotinsky as — well, not legitimate.

Visually, the appropriate depiction of all this appeared on the cover of the Rosh Hahana issue of *Yediot Aharanot*, which shows a bemused Vladimir Ze'ev Jabotinsky (1880-1940) looking down from the blue heavens upon the Mnn of the Year, Menahem Begin. Perhaps more than bemused: wryly incredulous. The magazine's black cover, also in full colour, shows a nude with fish playing about her bosom.

In between the covers is a detailed article by Uri Avneri painting out, among other things, the vast differences between Begin and his alleged spiritual father. I had come to the same general conclusions, but on the basis of only one book and very superficially, as befits a quickie review written 38 years too late. Avneri, however, digs into history (for reasons of his own; but it is impressively done) and quotes from other Jabotinsky disciples, old comrades of Begin, from Be'er in Poland and the right-wing underground here, and not only complimentary to the Prime Minister. When you are dead, you have no control over who claims your mantle, or what part of it (this must also bother the spirit of Ben-Gurion).

We are in very tricky territory once we set out to re-visit and revise views held so long ago. World War I, World War II — it is as hard to evaluate beliefs in the light of those days as it is to set them in the light of today. Caution is the key to Jabotinsky for those

Go read Jabotinsky?

who know nothing about him, such as we. The following should be taken mainly to illustrate how unprofitable the response to Mr. Kadishai's well-intentioned advice can be for the uninitiated. As Jabotinsky said, "one of the most fascinating features of human planning is that things never turn out just as they were planned."

I MAY HAVE a slight edge on visiting journalists because three months ago I heard a radio programme on Jabotinsky that I found fascinating, and much too short. I remember thinking, then, that we must have entered that bright new post-election programming era in which hitherto unacceptable personalities would finally be emerging from unjust political neglect to receive their proper due; and then the enunciator said that this was a repeat programme from four years ago.

At any rate, I recall little from the programme except that he was stoned by Jews in Poland in the mid-1930s for urging them to come on masse to Eretz Yisrael (sic), and that he translated Poe's *The Raven* into Hebrew from memory, on the spot.

My biggest advantage over foreign journalists is that I have a friend whose husband was closely associated with Jabotinsky, and in her library I found a book by him called *The Word and The Jew* (Dial Press, New York) published in 1942, two years after Jabotinsky's death. It appears to be a collection of speeches and essays, and it is written in marvellously clear and strong English. I could have tracked down Schechterman's biography; but eerily anticipating Kadishai's advice, I went straight to the primary source.

Assuming that our diligent journalist happened to come upon this same book, instead of, say, Jabotinsky's novel, *Shimshon* or his translation of *Cyrano de Bergerac*, what might be his first surprise?

The absence of God, I imagine. For in Jabotinsky there are no divinely given rights, no references to the Almighty. For anyone coming cold upon Mr.



Jabotinsky, in wax.

Helga Dudman

Begin's presumed spiritual father but accustomed to the spiritual heir's style and beliefs, this can come as a shock. I was prepared for it, because I had asked my friend from the Jabotinsky era whether he had been religious. "Goodness no," she said briskly. "None of them were!"

Jabotinsky's real son, Eri, who died eight years ago, was brought up in a forcefully agnostic atmosphere and became an energetic member of the Israel League for the Abolishment of Religious Coercion.

THE BOOK has an extremely emotional foreword by Pierra Van Peasasen, a then-popular writer, and an extremely emotional afterword by Colonel John Henry Patterson, D.S.O., the British officer who helped Jabotinsky and

Trumpeldor create the Jewish Legion during World War I.

For those who believe they know exactly how post-prose must be rephrased in the light of today, it may be of interest that Van Peasasen and Patterson both use the term "Eretz Israel" throughout. Patterson even closes his warmly admiring lines with the ringing phrase, "Eretz Israel for the Children of Israel!"

Jabotinsky, on the other hand, and in an always rational, unemotional style, uses "Palestine" throughout; and his widow, in whose name the edition is copyrighted, did not see fit to re-style her husband's terminology. But that Palestine was, of course, "on both sides of the Jordan," its silhouette jutting out past Rabel Amon, as the map on Herul's stationery used to picture it not so many years ago. Again, I don't know how hard Mr. Kadishai ought to be pushing all this.

On page 215 another surprise: "In every Cabinet where the Prime Minister is a Jew, the vice-premiership shall be offered to an Arab, and vice-versa." The italics are mine. Whosa is the rest? As Jabotinsky explains in a chapter entitled "The Arab Angle — Undramatized," this is an excerpt from a draft constitution for Palestine drawn up by the Revisionist Executive in 1934. Although not prepared to defend the draft "in all its aspects," Jabotinsky inserts it to reassure those who are worried about "how not the moderate but precisely the so-called 'extremist' wing of Zionism" sees things, and to indicate what might be "the worst that can happen to the Palestinian Arabs."

But — again, the retrospective "but" — all this was when "the Revisionists' idea of an independent Palestine was a Dominion within the British Empire, as it still is to many among them." IT IS OFTEN claimed that Jabotinsky foresaw the Holocaust. Judging from this posthumously published book, this is quite untrue. What he foresaw was a tremendous surge of anti-Semitism in Europe after the war, and it was from this that he wished

to save the Jews — he assumed they would survive physically — through mass immigration to Palestine. This anti-Semitism he saw as "the cancer of Europe," and a Gentile problem rather than a Jewish one. If enough Jews left the areas of their great concentration in eastern and central Europe, a small minority might continue to live there quite happily. He was not urging the Jews of America, where he died penniless 37 years ago, to get up and save their souls in Palestine.

Compared to the positively fervid prose of the two Gentile contributors to this book, Jabotinsky is very far from mysticism. (He may have been entirely different as an orator; those who heard his speeches still remember their impact. But an ancient recording of one was included in that radio programme, and I must say I felt me unmoved. What he wrote seems to me much more impressive.)

After raising and disposing of alternative suggested spots for Jewish settlement, such as Western Australia and British Guiana, he added: "All this is said to prove that the author does not wish to disparage either British Guiana or any other place which sensible people may suggest for mass settlement by Jews..." Irony? Possibly. But it is going to be lost on many, and Mr. Kadishai takes a certain risk in recommending such a style to the uninitiated.

Jabotinsky knew nice languages perfectly, which is to say, not in the Israeli sense. Our standards have certainly dropped, as a recent article in the local press by a Begin follower makes clear. The writer, who naturally strasses the continually between Jabotinsky and Begin, lists some of the authors Jabotinsky translated, and one of them I transliterated from the Hebrew as the previously mentioned "Edgar Pooh." Spiritual heirs ought to know that you can't leave out the "Allan" any more than you can leave out the "The" in Winnie Pooh, who so unfortunately comes to mind.

Questions of economics and social organization do not come within the scope of this brief review. However, I shall now go to the Schechterman biography, to prepare for any disapproving letters that may arrive. □

telephokineses! The blow came when I tried it. I reached my back, and the ringing followed as sure as night follows day.

It turns out that it isn't the soap that counts, it's the soaping.

SO, I'M TELEPATHIC. I've considered letting the whole-kits test me, but I'm afraid of the publicity — noisy reporters, all that I've trouble enough as it is. Only yesterday I had a phone call from one of those sceptics who deny the existence of Soap Telepathy altogether.

"Listen, buddy," the fellow snarled. "For your information: I've been soaping my back for the past 15 minutes and the phone hasn't rung once!"

"Warm water?"

"Hot! And I changed soap twice."

"Yeah? I'm calling you on it, aren't I? So where's your telepathy?"

"Dunno," I said sadly, and wiped the soap off the receiver and returned to my shower. □

Translated by Miriam Arad
By arrangement with "Me'ariv."

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1977

MASCULINE CHIC

THE QUESTION is not who tears the pants in the family, but who buys them. The men's underpants, that is — and the undergarments, too. This was the question that occupied the greater part of a recent press conference, held in no less elegant a place than the Tel Aviv Hilton's Ohnlin nightclub. The time was morning, however, and the audience was the women's press corps — together with their children, who had been invited to come along because it was Succot vacation.

"Mommy, you mean we're going to see men wearing nothing but their underwear?" my little girl asked, giggling on the way to the gala morning with Delta Textiles. "Don't be silly," I replied. "It's just a press conference about them."

But out-of-the-mouths-of-babes, as the saying goes. We did, indeed, see men in their underwear. Half a dozen muscular young men from the Bat-Dor School of Dance treated us to a gymnastics exhibition. They were clad in brightly coloured cotton tricot underwear — briefs and shirts — tight-fitting and quite revealing. The choreography was by Yehuda Meir of Bat-Dor.

This, however, is supposed to be the consumer column, and not the dance review. The purpose of the gathering was, of course, to discuss the sale of men's underwear — Delta Textile's cotton tricot underpants and shirts for men and boys. Until now, Delta products made in Israel have been available only abroad, and mainly in Europe, the biggest outlet for the firm, which was established in Carmiel in January, 1976, for the express purpose of export.

Now Delta products will be available in Israel, too. And they will be available in a rather unusual venue — on special Delta stands in the aisles of supermarkets and other self-service stores. This is Delta's response to the query, "Who buys the pants in the family?" According to a public survey commissioned in Israel by Delta, 63 per cent of men's underwear buying is done by women, 19 per cent by men, and 18 per cent by the couple together. And if by women, goes the reasoning, then the logical place to sell it is in the supermarket. For according to another section of the same survey, 75 per cent of Israeli women go to a self-service store in an urban centre at least once a month, and 10 per cent go as often as 10 times or more each month.

Not only will Delta place its own merchandise stands in supermarkets and department stores, but it will also service the stands regularly with its own personnel. This, says Delta general manager Dov Lautman, will ensure an orderly supply of pants and shirts in the full range of colours and sizes. This is a kind of direct manufacture-to-consumer sales method, with the supermarket or department store merely renting the space and adding as collecting agent for the money — for a commission, of course.

ACCORDING to Lautman, this is the usual way Delta's products are marketed in Europe. The method is often compared to that of selling women's pantyhose — a product Lautman knows well, as he was formerly manager of the Gliber stocking and pantyhose company. Of course, nylon pan-



MARKETING WITH MARTHA

tyhose are a more perishable product than men's cotton underwear — and hence more apt to need frequent replacement.

Delta's contention is that its products will be easy to find by size and colour, and once a woman knows what size and style her husband and sons require, she can replenish their stocks as they wear out. Finding the correct size in the first place may be somewhat problematic. There are not supposed to be any open packages of underwear for display, and customers are expected to rely on the measurement guide in centimetres as printed on the packaging. It may take a trial-and-error purchase to find the right size, and I would suggest arriving on the too-large side if in doubt.

The size range for the local market today is 0-14 for boys, and small, medium, large and extra-large for older teenagers and grown men. A children's size 4 is expected on the market soon. Girls and boys can both wear the tank tops and T-shirts, although the underpants are for males only.

As for the Delta products themselves, the company's "secret" if you can call it that, lies in making a limited line of products in large quantities. There are basically only three styles — briefs, tanktops and T-shirts — and all from Israeli combed cotton. Only the elastic for the briefs is imported — and that reportedly because no local firm was found to supply the needed quantity in the desired quality. One of the features of the briefs, by the way, is that the elastic band is encased in cotton tricot, which, we were told, helps the elastic hold its shape longer.

THE STYLES are fairly classic ones — there are no bikinis, for instance. But Delta claims to have a "European chic" in their out-which is missing in American male undergarments, we were told. "American males still wear their underpants above their belly-buttons," Lautman confided in almost choked tones. I am sure

pecially the very bright or dark colours should be washed only as directed. Most of my own household's wash falls in one of two categories: white cottons, which get washed in very hot water; and wash-and-wear synthetics, which get a rather delicate laundering cycle in not-very-warm water. Coloured cotton underwear would create an entirely new category requiring an in-between cycle, and there would have to be enough of it to justify a load. (Ours is a one-me household, and most of the female underwear is nylon.)

I have not done a thorough market survey of men's underwear prices. Delta itself admits that its tank-style undergarments are slightly more expensive than those of major competing brands made here. In T-shirts, however, Delta claims to be generally cheaper than its competitors, and in briefs about the same. In a quick glance over a Delta sales stand, I found a price range from IL12.50 for a pair of child's size 6 briefs in plain white, to a man's extra-large coloured T-shirt at IL43. (V.A.T. must be added to these prices.) Whites are cheaper than coloured garments in all styles.

Lautman assures me that prices to the Israeli customer are the same as, or a bit lower than, what the European customer pays for the same Grade A products of Delta sold abroad. Some Grade B underwear is also marketed in Europe, but not under the Delta label, and some of it is sold to African countries. So far, there has been no decision to market Grade B merchandise at bargain prices here in Israel, and even if it is decided to do so, they will not be sold under the same Delta label, Lautman told me.

I think Grade B should be made available to the Israeli customer, and I see no reason not to use a "Delta, Grade B" labelling. I have long felt that the Israeli consumer should be the logical beneficiary of cheaper Grade B clothing from our many textile industries that work mainly for export. Grade B merchandise is supposed to have only minor flaws; not anything that would seriously mar the garments, particularly in something as hidden as underwear.

A bit of a shock to those accustomed to plain white underwear is the bright colour range of Delta products. Just a little over 20 per cent of Delta production is in old-fashioned white. The bulk is coloured — light blue, golden yellow, bright red, apple green, and others. The tank tops and T-shirts are often two-toned — for instance, a solid colour with a trim in navy blue, or a different colour sleeve in a T-shirt.

If coloured underwear may make your male look friskier, it may also pose some laundering problems. Many of us cling to the perhaps outmoded notion that cotton underwear should be washed in very hot water, almost boiling. While Delta's whites are guaranteed to withstand temperatures up to 90 degrees centigrade, the coloured underwear is guaranteed colour-fast only to 60 degrees centigrade — "although in some tests we have got colour-fast results at 90 degrees also," Lautman added. However, the housewife would not want to take that chance, and as-

suming to know that Delta Textiles will have sold nearly \$9 million worth of underwear abroad, mainly to the Common Market. The hoped-for export figure for 1978 is \$11m. In addition to the main plant in Carmiel, Delta has three workshops employing Galilee Arabs and Druse.

Perhaps of more plangent interest to the consumer are some alleged statistics on the frequency with which German males change their underclothing: according to the figures supplied by Delta, 10 per cent change their undergarments daily; 75 per cent once every 2-6 days, and 15 per cent once a week.

Here in Israel, Delta assures us, underwear is changed very frequently. □

MARTHA MEISELS



Lokus pocus fish soup

CULINARY NOTES
Haim Shapiro

THE MAKING of fish soup seems to be almost a lost art. Cooks seem to imagine that it is terribly difficult to prepare.

But hardly anything could be easier, especially if one concentrates on the fish one has at hand and does not try to find those common near Marseilles or some other far off port. And fish soup entails little of the fuss and mess that the inevitable fried fish does. One crucial decision that must be made in advance is whether to present your guests with bones. Naturally, I am on the side of the bones; I think they make the meal more interesting; but some do not dare take such liberties with their guests.

The best way to begin is to hang around the fish markets until you find the nice head of a large grouper, known here as lokus. The steaks of this lokus are very fine and bring a good price, but the head should be considerably cheaper. If there is no lokus head, use a few whole frozen hakes, labelled rather incorrectly in this country as becalas.

Drop the fish — head or hake — into boiling water to which an onion, a carrot, a few bay leaves and salt and pepper have been added. Cook for about 20 minutes, or until the flesh of the fish flakes easily.

Meanwhile, prepare a tomato sauce by lightly frying in olive oil two or three cloves of garlic, adding a few finely chopped onions, a handful of chopped parsley, and, finally, four or five grated tomatoes. The tomatoes may be peeled, but the peel does add a nice flavour.

Leaving the sauce off the fire, remove the head from its broth, allow it to cool, and carefully remove any flesh, discarding the skin and bones. Add the flesh to the tomato mixture and strain in about four cups of broth (the rest may be frozen for later use).

You now have a nice light fish soup for a first course. If you wish it to be a main course, and you don't mind a few bones, poach one or two small fish per person for about 15 minutes. Place a piece of toast in each bowl, the whole fish on it and the soup ladled around it.

The best fish for this purpose is the strongly flavoured red mullet, known as *rouge* in French and *barbunin* in our parts. Small grey mullet, *bauri*, is a second choice, but don't take sardines, which are too small, or whiting, which is too delicate for this dish. □



Rappaport's Memorial at Yad Vashem

SCULPTURE

(Continued from page 11)

den is to be found at the Israel Museum, but its present format contributes nothing to public education in this field. Physically, the design of the garden is a failure, for it offers no protection from the elements in summer or winter and is covered with gravel, which is difficult to walk on. Its designer, Isamu Noguchi, conceived it as a sculptured area and, indeed, it looked best when empty.

Today, with a little imagination, the Museum's sculpture garden could be reorganized so that its many fine sculptures, beginning with those by Rodin and Mallot, would tell the story of the development of 20th-century sculpture, from realist to cubist, to expressionist, to the formalized, to the abstract; and so on to the ultimate vanishing of the figure, or, indeed, any subject other than what happens to the nature of the material in a certain situation.

The garden could be organized into successive sub-sections of art history, both the sculptures and benches facing metal plaques with brief but lucid explanations in Hebrew and English. In letters readable from a distance. Shade and windbreaks would have to be provided; and the gravel would have to go.

A special section might be devoted to the display of models of projected designs for a park or social sculpture while the public would be invited to write or record its comments. Curators, city officials and psychologists would be required to study the public's reactions. The sculpture garden might then become a hot house for both educating and maintaining contact with the public, instead of serving as the formless, uncomfortable repository of a meaningless conglomeration of historical objects.

One can understand the hesitancy of officials, curators, architects and artists to consult with that omphalos, conservative faceless mass, the public. But such a development is inevitable as public awareness grows, and public awareness is what the establishment, in this instance, ultimately wants. In the case of the "Monstar," the Jerusalem Municipality did go to residents of Kiryat Hayovel to obtain their approval. It has since won their everlasting thanks. The thing to the public has proved precitable and useful elsewhere has been documented in a new book, *Outdoor Sculpture*, by Margaret A. Robinson (The Whitney Library of Design \$24.50). It is a book every sculptor, architect and city official should read. □

Textile isn't paint

Meir Ronnen

KATMAN SHEMI and MOSHE SHEK, two kibbutznik sculptors turned joint makers of wall hangings marketed through the Botnheva Arts Corporation, are showing their striking "tapestries" made with a unique technique adapted, I suspect, from an industrial process. Most of the contemporary American carpeting is made by injecting, gluing, or locking artificial fibres into a woven or pressed base. (Some Israeli manufacturers also use these methods). The fibres are tough, colour fast and easily shampooed; and glued to a rubber base, are suitable even as bathroom flooring.



Honore Daumier: lithograph from "The Best Days of our Life" series (Aria Gallery, Jerusalem).

Shemi and Shek possess a device — a type of multi-needle press — capable of making up to 3,000 stitches a square centimetre. With it they can place pieces of cut-out artificial felt over a prepared background fabric and completely unto the two with controllable degrees of density and transparency. They are thus able to build up thin layers of colour in a manner analogous to overpainting and overprinting, with methods reminiscent of collage, applique, etching and lithography. Moreover, they are able to control the borders of these areas in a way that reproduces the quality of fuzzy edges and textural effects characteristic of brushstrokes.

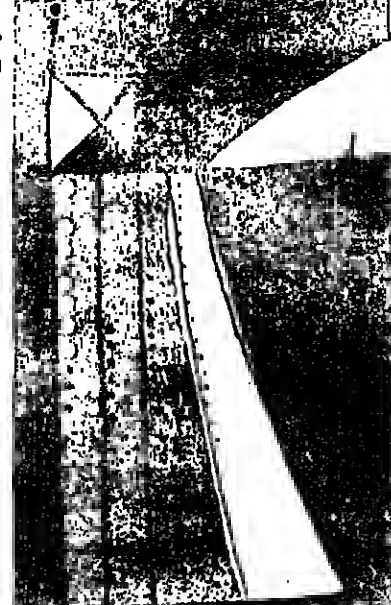
Also on show are a few deep-pile works, made with an industrial pistol, that look like close-knit Algerian work. All in all, the effects are astounding, particularly as a number of the pieces, all "limited editions," are in excellent colour taste.

The difficulty, of course, is the creative aspect. Shemi and Shek have turned to translations of folk symbols but also to designs of a type that are really enlargements

of paintings; or drawings that belong to the etcher-designers of the late 1950s. Some of the latter possess a certain sophistication, but only at first glance; being translations from another technique, and "safe" in composition, they end up looking merely decorative. The "ahin-ahin" logo is also obtrusive.

Other designs, particularly those in just one or two colours, that are unashamedly formal and repetitive in the manner of classical folk carpet design, are completely successful and convincing. The finest of these recall African and Algerian materials. The lesson is clear: there is no use in mixing languages. The only really bad pieces in this show are those that try to use abstract expressionist painting.

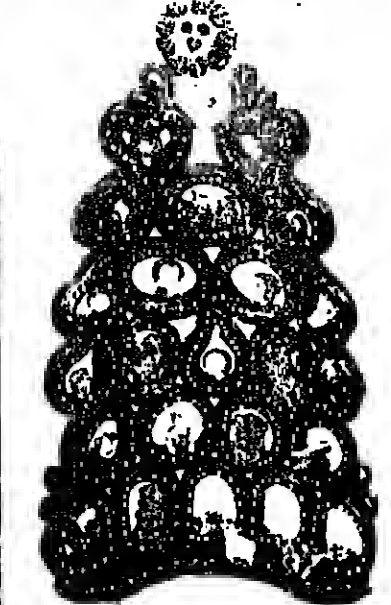
Other failures occur in works that employ long thin lines that are ephera for drawing, but which can never match the elegance of a drawn or brushed line; they were, after all, made with a scissors. It was Mallasse, many years ago, who taught us that a scissored shape has a character all of its own, one that, conversely, the brush or pencil



Katman Shemi and Moshe Shek: wall hanging (Jerusalem Theatre Foyer).

cannot reproduce. If Shek and Shemi can plumb the intrinsic nature of the materials and instruments they work with — and draw more upon tapestry's rich traditions — they will be well on their way to creating something new of real importance (Jerusalem Theatre Foyer and also Delson-Richter Galleries, Jerusalem Hilton). Till Nov. 5.

SEVEN ARTISTS from South America, most of them recent arrivals, exhibit works of great variety at the Jerusalem Theatre Gallery for Now Artists. However, one of them has been here 15 years and is — of all things — chief physician at Rehovot's Kaplan Hospital. His are also among the best things on show: Dr. Elias de Bair paints competent but intriguing oils of groups of men in hats, the chief element in nearly all of his semi-surrealist, semi-geometric oils. The hatted ones huddle together in stark landscapes dominated by architectural features, and eventually disappear altogether in one painting, leaving only the hats. MARY ABLIN creates gay and happy ceramic constructions in



Mary Ablin: coloured folk ceramic hanging (Jerusalem Theatre Gallery).

the typical Mexican and Latin American folk style, all very well made, while her husband CARLOS CLAIMAN does expert graphic art photo-collage printed on a single mounted sheet. SILVIA BAR-AM does nest-like drawings in the near-abstract manner that has a superficial affinity with the works of Arakhs. There are more illustrative: there are slick realistic portraits by ELIAS MATZKIN; formalized and symbolized figure groups in ink and gouache by MORTA RAYNERMAN; and finely colour etchings by SALO RAWET, which also combine figures, albeit more realistic, with flat areas of colour (Jerusalem Theatre Gallery). Till Nov. 6.

PAUL KOR is a famed Tel Aviv graphic artist; his smooth, skilled oils of harlequin-like figures have a rather graphic look to them, partly because he uses colour in the manner of an illustrator. Kor has a penchant for bold pates, both male and female, as well as for clowns with tattered wings. This (and his formalized style) lends his works a faintly surreal touch. The gently romantic ambience is completely French. Weakest point is his handling of eyes, particularly those seen full face (Nora Gallery, Malmou 9, Jerusalem). Till Oct. 31.

A RARE treat is offered to Jerusalemites this week: a show of lithographs by the great 19th century satirist Honore Daumier, which originally appeared in the press of his day. Many of the printed comments were written by the editor of *Charivari* (Aria Gallery, 4 Akiva, behind Orgi Cinema). Till Oct. 29. □



Paul Kor: oil painting (Nora Gallery, Jerusalem).

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1977

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IF THEY GET A CHANCE

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